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Chou En-lai Eases Tension

CHOU EN-LAI'S offer to talk directly to America about the Formosan danger has —like the parallel moves by the U.S.S.R.— achieved its object in "lessening tension." Its effect on the "uncommitted" Asian countries was immediate. It at once conceded the case urged by Nehru and Nu, and accepted by almost all Asians, that Peking should not threaten to achieve by force what she has every right and chance of achieving by diplomacy. Statesmen as strongly anti-Communist as the Prime Ministers of Ceylon and Pakistan were at once brought on to the Chinese side in the dispute. Sir John Kotelawala rebuked Washington for replying to Chou En-lai "without thinking."

Mr. John Foster Dulles, whose absence from his desk left his "official spokesman" caught off balance by the Chinese offer, had occasion once again to regret that the State Department had been purged of those officials who had wisdom and knowledge about Pacific affairs. He explained, somewhat surprisingly, that he had always been in favour of the Bandung Conference which, it will be recalled, the State Department regarded as a Communist plot to which they were unwilling even to send an American observer. He also agreed that, just as Moscow's "sincerity" over the Austrian Treaty must be tested, so must Peking's over the Formosan struggle.

So far, so good: with the preventive war faction in the U.S. on the retreat, Mr. Dulles and Chou En-lai are approaching the moment when, disregarding the protests of Chiang Kai-shek, they can discuss a cease-fire and the evacuation of Quemoy and Matsu. This should be a first stage towards a Far Eastern settlement: China seems now to be ready to negotiate before America gives way on her admission to the U.N., and does not insist on the liquidation of the Chiang regime as a pre-condition. But what does Mr. Dulles mean by a test of sincerity? Would Chou En-lai be "insincere" if he confronted America with, as the *New York Times* naively put it, a choice between having to compromise or fight? That moment will certainly confront both parties: never, at any moment, have the Chinese departed from the position (once also held by Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson) that Formosa belongs to China and must, in one way or another, be incorporated into China. No one should have expressed any surprise when Chou En-lai repeated that his offer would "not in the slightest degree affect the sovereign right of the Chinese people to liberate Formosa." At the most, it may be hoped that he may be willing to consider a gradual and diplomatic method of winning Formosa. After all, it would be impossible, in the foreseeable future, for China to seize it by force if the U.S. were determined to use its naval and air forces to defend the island within the American "security line."

The remarks of the Pakistani Prime Minister after talking to Chou En-lai at least suggest possible lines of a compromise solution for Formosa; the British Foreign Office will be encouraged to work for a plan by which, temporarily, Formosa might become a trusteeship of the United Nations or the Colombo Powers. But Chou En-lai has given no public hint of willingness to compromise on such lines. Nor has the United States. It is an advance for Mr. Dulles to be willing to speak to Chou En-lai, but he regards the evacuation of the off-shore islands as a concession by which America's hold on Formosa may be strengthened, not as a stage towards relinquishing it. While the United States talked of Matsu and Quemoy as possibly worth a war, America stood alone. By relinquishing them, Mr. Dulles hopes to persuade the British to join with America in guaranteeing Formosa. If that were to happen, the real struggle would be to come, and it would be long indeed before there was hope of peace in the Far East. Britain must work for the evacuation of Quemoy and Matsu without giving any support to Kuomintang or American claims to Formosa.

The News in Review

International

FOLLOWING M. Pinay's visit to London, the Western diplomatic chariot—with some creaking of the wheels—begins to move towards a Four-Power conference. This week, senior British, French and U.S. officials have been meeting at Carlton House Terrace to "make a preliminary study" of the problems involved, and to consider the agenda for such a conference—its main subject being European security, with the future of Germany and the level of armaments forming two related factors. West German officials were invited to attend.

The next step will be the depositing, on May 5, of the instruments ratifying the Paris Agreements. After that, on May 8, Mr. Harold Macmillan will meet Mr. John Foster Dulles and M. Pinay in Paris "to discuss concrete plans" for a conference with the Soviet Government—Dr. Adenauer participating in their discussions. No decision seems yet to have been reached as to the level of the conference in which the U.S.S.R. will be invited to take part. Mr. Macmillan told the House of Commons on Monday that "H.M. Government will be glad to take part in talks at any level, whether heads of Government or Foreign Ministers."

Considering that a month has passed since Marshal Bulganin declared that he had a "positive attitude" towards a Four-Power meeting, the West cannot be said to have acted with great speed; but at least there now seems to be a good prospect of some sort of Four-Power conference being held about mid-summer.

MEANWHILE, the Western Powers have tried to make amends for their chilly reception of Herr Raab's "success" in Moscow by accepting promptly Russia's proposal that there should be immediate Four-Power talks on the conclusion of a State Treaty with Austria. On May 2, the four High Commissioners are to meet in Vienna in order to clarify outstanding points.

So far as the terms of the Austrian Chancellor's deal in Moscow are concerned, these have already been clarified in the sense that it is now announced that Austria will pay $150m. for the "former German assets"—payment to be in goods delivered in six annual instalments. Payment for the Danube Shipping Company will be $2m.; and in return for the oil fields, Austria undertakes to deliver to the U.S.S.R. one million tons of oil annually for ten years—out of an estimated total output of 3.5m. tons.

Points the Western High Commissioners apparently wish to discuss with their Russian *confrère* are: (a) the future level of Austria's armed forces; (b) Austria's economic relationship with the West; and (c) the exact phrasing of the "neutrality commitment" which Herr Raab gave to Mr. Molotov. It might be possible for the West to raise difficulties about (c), but the Western Powers can hardly afford to give the Soviet Union an opportunity of blaming them for holding up a Treaty so nearly completed.

THREE former members of the Unesco staff, including Mr. David Leff, have secured a crushing verdict from the I.L.O. tribunal, to which they appealed against their dismissal by Dr. Luther Evans, the Director-General. The grounds for the Director's action, which came after two years of dispute, was the refusal of these three Americans to collaborate in a U.S. loyalty investigation. If the Director's action were upheld, the tribunal declared, the precedent would "create a state of uncertainty and insecurity . . . in matters of conscience . . . for all international officials." The judgment instructs Unesco to reinstate the three staff members, or to pay compensation totalling $44,000.

Overseas

SINCE Admiral Carney's indiscretion about atomic reprisals for any Communist attack on Quemoy and Matsu, the tide of U.S. opinion has set strongly against the defence of the coastal islands. Mr. Stevenson and many of the more responsible newspapers clearly expressed this reaction against the Dulles-Radford policy, and the President himself has undoubtedly been alarmed lest the Administration be isolated both from its Western allies and from the Democratic majority in Congress. For this reason, U.S. commentators have interpreted the special mission to Formosa of Admiral Radford and Mr. Robertson—both old intimates of Chiang Kai-shek—as a sign that the President has decided not to fight for the islands.

There are, however, two separate questions here. The President could easily avoid committing U.S. units, by arguing that Formosa itself was not threatened. It may be much less easy to persuade Chiang to evacuate Quemoy and Matsu. The Administration undoubtedly intends to use the islands as bargaining counters in any negotiations with Peking. That such negotiations should now be mooted is due in part to the influence of the conservative Democrat, Senator George, who has followed his earlier proposal for a Four-Power conference with a demand for talks with Peking.

IMMEDIATELY following the announcement at the University of Michigan on April 12 of the effectiveness of the Salk anti-polio vaccine, public authorities throughout the U.S. declared that they would inoculate schoolchildren and young persons at once. Two short weeks later, it was revealed that sufficient supplies were not yet available. In the North—the South has priority because the polio season starts there earlier—it is doubtful whether there will be time to administer the vaccine before the school term ends.

With six private chemical companies having sole licences for manufacturing the vaccine, the responsible Cabinet officer, Secretary of Welfare Oveta Culp Hobby, says that the Administration favours voluntary allocation of supplies. In consequence there is a scramble between local authorities and private individuals. Dr. Elmer Hess, president of the conservative American Medical Association, says he is sure no black market will develop. Nevertheless, stories are current of anxious parents paying as much as $100 to have their children inoculated ahead of the queue. The Physicians Forum, a progressive doctors' association, has come out for Government control of all vaccine.

ELECTIONS in Lower Saxony have returned a *Land* Parliament in which it is uncertain whether any likely coalition of parties can enjoy an absolute majority. The S.P.D. (59 seats, against 64 in 1951) is again the largest single party; but their partners in the last Government, the Refugee (B.H.E.) party have now insufficient seats (18, against 21) to provide a combined majority in a House of 160. The alternative Right-wing *bloc* (C.D.U., German Party and Free Democrats) total 75—also a minority.

The main point of interest in the voting is that, in an election fought almost entirely on the issue of foreign policy, the C.D.U. secured only 26 per cent. of the poll, as compared with 35 per cent. in the 1953 Federal election. The S.P.D. is fully entitled to argue that this is a vote of no-confidence in the Chancellor's policy of "integration" with the West.

IN France the second ballot in the Cantonal elections revealed one point of more than local interest: there was an endeavour on a small scale to revive a "popular front" between the Socialists and the C.P. As a result, the Socialist proportion of the poll rose from under 18 per cent. in the first, to nearly 22 per cent. in the second ballot—the Communists also slightly increasing their share. This is calculated to make the Government think twice before introducing an electoral reform Bill which would give an opportunity for local alliances and arrangements of this sort.

ECONOMICALLY Latin-America seems increasingly determined to get the best of both worlds in the cold war: willingness to accept dollar credits is matched with eagerness to profit from deals with countries behind the Iron Curtain. Argentina has decided to renew her 1953 trade agreement with the U.S.S.R., and is holding, this year in Buenos Aires, a Soviet Industrial Fair. Following suit, Colombia, faced with a coffee surplus, is bartering $12m. of beans for East German machinery. Brazil is enlarging her trade with Czechoslovakia to $30m., and is exchanging $20m.'s worth of goods with Hungary. Finally, Cuba has just sold $12m.'s worth of sugar to the U.S.S.R.

SINCE the Bantu Education Act came into operation on April 1, several thousand African children in the Johannesburg area have been boycotting the new State schools. Last week Dr. Voerward, Minister of Native Affairs, threatened that children between the ages of 6 and 16 who were still absent on Monday of this week would be struck off the register and prevented from ever again attending school. Boys of 16 and over who were absent were ordered to register for work, and those who have not done so will be sent to forced labour camps. In spite of these threats, thousands of children continued their boycott this week—a clear reflection of the underlying bitterness of the African community.

THE REPORT of the second Lukiko Committee reflects the conflicting and contradictory attitudes now common in Buganda. Its suggestions include the retention of some of the traditional powers of the Kabaka, whilst, on the other side, it is proposed that Buganda representatives to the Legislative Council should be elected directly instead of by the Lukiko. Fears are expressed that the status of the Lukiko will be reduced as the Legislative Council advances, but it is suggested that the Buganda and other African Governments should meet regularly to counteract any tendency towards separatism. The question of the Kabaka's return comes before the Lukiko on May 9.

WORSENING of the situation in Saigon is reflected in Prime Minister Diem's dismissal of the Director-General of the Sûreté—a member of the Binh Xuyen sect. French opinion, writes our Paris Correspondent, is that responsibility for the

present chaos rests largely with the Americans, who still insist on supporting Diem. In recent weeks, a number of senior French officers have been disciplined for shipping arms to the Binh Xuyen. It is believed in Paris that General Collins, in his report to President Eisenhower, recommends "closer co-operation" by the U.S. with France in Saigon. In that event, Diem's administration is likely to be replaced soon by some form of coalition government.

At a cost of £35m. (three-fifths for estates, two-fifths for smallholders), the Malayan Government offers to pay for half of a 3 per cent. annual replanting programme, whose aim will be to introduce new, high-yielding strains of rubber trees. Export duty is also to be reduced when the price of rubber falls below 1s. 5d. a pound. The estates are disappointed that the duty is not to be abolished in lean years, while smallholders will complain that this aid is insufficient for growers without much capital.

At Home

Wednesday's talks on the railway dispute were indecisive. If, in default of a firm cash offer, the footplate men in the A.S.L.E.F. go through with the strike timed to start at midnight on Sunday, they will be striking with the knowledge that they have a considerable measure of public support. Their case, as we showed last week, is not unreasonable; nor is the gap between the £9 15s. present maximum for engine drivers and the £10 0s 6d demanded by the union sufficient to precipitate a national stoppage.

The A.S.L.E.F. are entitled to maintain their argument that the award of the National Tribunal last November established footplate differentials which did something, though not much, to make good the margin which many previous general settlements of railway wages had gradually whittled away. That is, the Tribunal—one must presume with deliberation—gave drivers on the highest standard rate 15s. 6d. a week more than guards. These differentials went by the board when the Government and the Commission, after the Court of Inquiry's findings, conceded the N.U.R.'s general claim for a larger advance than was previously offered.

It is futile for the Commission now to say that footplate wages cannot be raised because there have been no alterations in the conditions of work; and it had no business to capitulate to the N.U.R., with the Government's blessing, unless it was prepared to make logically the consequential footplate wage adjustments which the A.S.L.E.F. now demands.

The N.U.R. on Monday advised its footplate members to work "normally" next week; and, on the strength of this, the Transport Commission seemed to have decided to fight the strike by endeavouring to run a skeleton service. It remains to be seen, however, whether the N.U.R. men (17,000 out of a total of 80,000) would heed their Executive's injunction: if there were a rearrangement of rostêr duties, they probably would not. The wise course for the Commission would be to go a long way to meet the men's demand.

If there is feather-bedding on the railways, it lies in redundant staffs of passenger porters and in unduly generous staffing of quiet country stations. The public will not forgive the Commission—or the Government—if the country's transport is plunged into chaos because of a refusal to do anything to meet the claims of men doing highly skilled and responsible work who are now fighting to get back a little of the status which they have lost in relation to other less skilled grades.

In another sector of the industrial front the National Committee of the A.E.U. has been meeting in militant mood. The size of the wage claim to be tabled in 1955 had not been decided as we go to press; but resolutions had been passed calling for a 40-hour week, limitation of overtime to 30 hours per month, and three weeks' annual holiday. Meanwhile, the National Maritime Board has agreed on pay increases ranging from 7½ per cent. to 12 per cent. in the Merchant Navy.

At an earlier stage than in 1951, the Gallup Poll published by the *News Chronicle* shows a swing towards Labour. The 4 per cent. Tory lead, revealed just before the election date was announced, has been reduced to 0.5 per cent. Of the 14 per cent. "undecided," a majority, when pressed for an answer, were "more inclined" to support Labour. Peace and the H-bomb emerged as leading issues, with rising prices as runner-up.

A special committee of inquiry into the Dock Labour Scheme is to be appointed by Sir Walter Monckton, Minister of Labour. The initiative has come from the employers, who have been troubled by recurrent unofficial strikes, and the proposal has received a cool reception from the trade unions. If the inquiry is thorough, it might highlight some of the defects of the Scheme, though two previous inquiries failed to do so, partly because their terms of reference were limited. Such evidence as there is suggests that the men, rather than their union representatives, are most conscious of the defects.

Paris

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The Tunisian negotiations, after agonising last-minute delays, have at last been "concluded." The texts of several of the conventions have yet to be drawn up, and the protocol issued last week constitutes only a slender guarantee of French good faith (the full agreement will not be completed until the end of May). Nevertheless, the major obstacles now seem to have been removed and the Tunisian Ministers left Paris in high spirits to celebrate Ramadan. Much of the credit for this must go to M. Faure himself. M. July, the Right-wing Gaullist Minister for Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs, had bluntly told M. Faure that he would not attend the final sessions unless the Settlers obtained additional satisfaction. M. Faure accordingly attempted to obtain parity of representation for the French in five municipalities where the French settlers are in the majority, only to be met by a blunt refusal; the Tunisian Ministers argued that this would be an implicit admission, on their part, of the principle of co-sovereignty. By Wednesday, April 20, there was fear of a complete breakdown. The next day, however, M. Faure took a step worthy of Mendès-France himself: M. Bourguiba, who is in enforced residence outside Paris, was summoned to the Hotel Matignon. By officially recognising, for the first time, M. Bourguiba's position as the leader of Tunisian opinion, M. Faure restored the atmosphere of confidence, and the final protocol, which rejects the principle of co-sovereignty, was drawn up the same night.

M. Faure thus saved the negotiations—at what cost to himself remains to be seen. He did not obtain formal Cabinet approval for his meeting with Bourguiba, and his decision, it is believed, was taken against the express advice of Messrs. Pinay and Duchet, who control the largest group in his majority. Nevertheless, the move was shrewdly calculated: to go down, with colours flying, in support of a progressive Tunisian policy, would automatically re-establish his links with M. Mendès-France and his friends. But in any case, he doubtless believes, as do most observers, that the Assembly will ratify the new agreement. Recently many Right-Centre Deputies have become increasingly sensitive to the attitude of world opinion towards French policy in North Africa. Tunisia, it is now argued, should be regarded as "expendable"—if only to counter criticism of French policy in the other North African territories.

Bandung

Afro-Asian Conference

A Special Correspondent writes: The loudest voices at the Bandung Conference were against war and against Communism. There were some—including the representatives of Ceylon, Iraq, Turkey and the Philippines—who were willing to risk splitting the Conference by demanding that an attack on Communism and the Cominform should be included in the resolution on Colonialism. But Chou En-lai was far too astute to get entangled in a controversy of this kind: he met Sir John Kotelawala's outspoken attack with the subtler weapon of smiling impassivity. He did not allow the Conference to be diverted from "the relaxation of tension."

The conference, in fact, was the successful climax to a long series of talks between some of the Colombo Powers and the Chinese Foreign Minister. Prime Ministers Nehru and Nu had both signed the Five-Principle Agreements with Chou En-lai and exchanged visits. On the eve of the Conference they were joined by the Prime Minister of Egypt at a meeting in Rangoon. There, the Ministers exchanged views on recent talks with the representatives of North Viet Nam, Cambodia and Thailand, on the exchange of goodwill missions, and the general "easing." So, by the time the representatives of 29 nations met together in Bandung, the leading personalities were in general agreement that nothing would be gained by a demonstration against American policy on the one hand, or against Communism on the other. Yet Nehru, in the only long speech which he made to the Conference, carried the majority of the delegates with him when he said that it "was an intolerable humiliation for any Asian country to become a camp follower of either side," and that he "did not agree with the Communists or anti-Communists—the policies of both those sides led to war." Indeed, the success of the Bandung Conference was that it extended the "area of peace" so far precariously sustained by the Colombo Powers. Egypt now seems firmly aligned with the South-East Asian Powers, and although this has meant the unhappy exclusion of Israel (the Chinese voting for a bitterly anti-Israeli resolution), a new orientation of Middle Eastern policy may follow. Nehru added that Australia and New Zealand, too, would be welcomed from the other end of the "neutral area."

Within the framework of Asian affairs, Chou En-lai's policy on the potentially explosive issue of overseas Chinese is of the most far-reaching significance. The terms of his treaty with Jakarta follow closely those which Nehru has already adopted towards overseas Indians. The two million overseas Chinese in Indonesia will now have a choice to opt for Chinese or Indonesian nationality. Chou En-lai expressed the hope that, after making their choice, these Chinese would "increase their sense of responsibility towards the country the nationality of which they have chosen." Is this treaty a pattern for other countries with a considerable overseas Chinese

population? What does this mean in terms of Malaya? Will a similar treaty be offered to Thailand, where the problem of three million Chinese has long been difficult?

Inevitably, the 29 nations meeting in Bandung did not solve any specific problems, and it was wise that a decision to recall them was made only in general terms. All in all, Bandung was a victory for common sense and the sound principles embodied in "co-existence."

Westminster

The Beginning of the End

Wise is the Member who keeps away from the arid intricacies of economics and specialises in the airy generalities of foreign policy. The Budget speeches have shown that participants in economic debates fall into two categories—those who use the jargon as an accepted verbal shorthand which concentrates thought and shortens speeches, and those who use it because it sounds good. So there is a great bandying about of investment trends and inflationary pressures, much of which inadequately clothes a partial understanding. It is far easier to psycho-analyse a nation than to analyse an economy.

After Hugh Gaitskell had replied to Butler there remained little to be said about the Budget. Gaitskell did more than disturb the equanimity of the Chancellor, which is in itself a feat; he also disposed of Butskellism. For the rest, the debate has been a compound of effective debating points from the Labour benches, and a number of speeches designed to enable a candidate to say at the hustings with modest aplomb, "As I said in the House only two weeks ago."

In fact, minds have been elsewhere. Election addresses of 1951 are being carried round the lobbies and pored over in the tea rooms. Some Members stroke their thinning curls and reflect sadly that the photograph they have used since 1935 just will not stand another outing. Members with marginal seats spend hours in the library licking stubs of pencils calculating the effect that a global swing of .005 per cent. would have on their chances, making allowance for new housing estates built since 1951. Labour Members threatened with Liberal intervention can be seen in the telephone room trying to find out whether Megan Lloyd George is listed under the Lls or the Gs. The young Members redistributed out of their seats inquire tenderly after the health and intentions of anyone on the wrong side of fifty.

Outside, the processes of re-adoption continue. There have been one or two shocks. In some constituencies there have been attempts to oust Members who are generally acceptable to their party, but who have given offence to one wing or the other by the line they have taken upon some specific issue. The rights and wrongs of this are hard to weigh. Certainly a Member must be more than in general sympathy with the policies of his local party. But if he is to hold his place at the mercy of whatever faction, Left or Right, Roman Catholic or disguised Trotskyite, which happens to be in command of his General Management at any given moment, there arises a threat to democracy as dangerous as the too rigid application of Standing Orders.

With all this in train, even gossip about the readmission of Aneurin Bevan takes second place. Only the rabid hatchetmen, and they are few, show any distress at the thought. There is, in the Parliamentary Labour Party, a great fund of desire to like, admire and respect Nye if only he will give blokes a chance.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

A Socialist Manifesto

FOR the first time since 1945 the Labour Party has presented to the electorate a detailed domestic policy. In 1950, and again in 1951, the Labour Government was on the defensive, and Socialist spokesmen spent most of their time foretelling the dangers of a return to prewar Tory rule. Fortunately these horrific prophecies have not been fulfilled. Thanks largely to the luck of the terms of trade, Mr. Butler has been able to dismantle Socialist controls and revert to a business man's economy without undermining full employment. Now, his luck appears to be running out. The widening of the trade gap and the fall in our gold reserves are in themselves sufficient reason for the Government's decision to hold a summer election.

The Labour Party, however, has wisely refused to try and scare the electorate to the polls by predicting the collapse of the Butler boom. Instead, it presents us with its own practical proposals for expanding production and ensuring that the increased national wealth is fairly shared. On the home front at least, the thoughtful elector will be presented with an unusually clear choice on May 26. He must decide between another period of modern capitalism on Keynesian lines and the second stage of the Socialist transformation which was begun in 1945.

The success of the nationalised industries, particularly in the pace of capital investment, has now been admitted by Tory Ministers; and this has encouraged the Labour Party bluntly to announce its intention not merely to renationalise steel and road haulage but to take sections of the profitable chemicals and machine tools industries into public ownership. On the other hand, the destruction of the farmer's confidence by the Butler scheme of deficiency payments has given Labour a chance to make a bid for the agricultural vote by pledging itself to restore guaranteed prices, reorganise marketing, and reintroduce bulk purchase and (where necessary) price controls of essential foodstuffs.

To the non-political elector, who is more concerned with his children's future and his own living standards than with national production, the Labour Party offers a massive enlargement of the Welfare State, with a welcome emphasis on the radical educational reform which was so sadly neglected in *Let's Face the Future*. Apart from this, the novel features of the programme are a plan for the gradual municipalisation of rent-restricted houses, and a pledge to end the last taint of public assistance by transferring National Assistance to a new Ministry of Social Welfare to which is added a promise to increase the miserable scale of "supplementation" introduced by Mr. Peake last February. The Manifesto rightly warns the electors that these bold advances in social security must be paid for by increased production, and shows that this can only be achieved by a Socialist government with sufficient powers to ensure that far less of our national wealth is wasted in increasing expenditure by the rich and far more ploughed back into productive industry.

All in all, this is a workmanlike five-year programme, and the Tories are quite right in asserting that, once it is fully implemented, a reversion to free enterprise will be impossible. The militants in the trade unions and constituency parties will be encouraged by these Tory charges of Socialist extremism. At last, they have something worth fighting for; and the pity is that this programme was not published six months ago in time to popularise it before the election.

Those Twelve German Divisions

"THE ingratitude of these damned Germans! I shall never trust them again." The place where this was said to me was Königswinter. The occasion was the Conference of the Anglo-German Association, where a representative collection of British and German politicians and journalists meet annually to discuss world affairs, and always end by discussing German rearmament. The speaker was a well-known Labour M.P.—a no-nonsense supporter of German rearmament—who has often bluntly told the Commons that, since the French are hopeless, we must forget old scores and trust the Germans as our allies in defence of Western civilisation. That kind of speech still goes down at Westminster, and would have been applauded by our German hosts at Königswinter even twelve months ago. But this year, throughout the Federal Republic, the wintry climate of cold war has suddenly changed and German loyalty to Nato is breaking up like an ice-floe in Spring. No wonder the British M.P.s, who believed that Western Germany had been safely frozen into the West, were shocked by what they heard and saw at Königswinter. Editors of staunchly anti-Socialist newspapers, Right-wing Generals, even members of Dr. Adenauer's Coalition were all thawing out of their rigid Western orientation, stretching themselves in the Spring sunshine and turning grateful eyes eastwards towards Moscow, whence Dr. Raab had just returned to Vienna, loaded with concessions.

I can see why my colleague was so angry. How bitter to have backed the wrong horse in Bonn! How bitter to be forced to admit that, in opposing German rearmament and warning us against the attempt to integrate the Federal Republic into Nato, Erich Ollenhauer, the Socialist leader, has shown more responsibility than his detractors! If we had taken his advice, Britain—or at least the Labour Party—would long ago have put forward a plan for German neutralisation with adequate safeguards—and so forestalled the Russian peace offensive. As it is, while Mr. Molotov presents himself as the benign protagonist of peaceful co-existence, the Western Powers appear in German eyes to be preventing German unity and rearming Western Germany to suit the convenience of their own nuclear strategy.

Until this Spring, Germans had only been shown the advantages of the Paris Agreements—the restoration of sovereignty which they bring, and the lavish dollar assistance. But now the discussion has moved from an abstract debate about the pros and cons of German rearmament towards more concrete and disturbing problems. What sort of Army will it be? How will it defend Germany? How will it be fitted into the military headquarters at S.H.A.P.E. and the political head-

quarters at Nato? When German rearmament is studied in this way, the idea of being integrated into the West soon loses its attractions, and the argument for neutralisation gains in force.

Let us face the problem in German terms. Nato strategy assumes that the first phase of a European war will be an offensive by 70 crack Russian divisions, to which the only possible answer will be a fighting withdrawal of Nato's ground troops to the Rhine, while the offensive is broken up by nuclear bombardment of the Russian lines of communication through the Eastern Zone. Thus, Eastern Germany will at once be vaporised, and the Federal Republic will become a battlefield, exposed to Russian nuclear retaliation. The military integration of the Federal Republic into Nato certainly strengthens the shield protecting Britain and America, but it is difficult to show what protection it gives to the Federal Republic.

Until quite recently, this problem was only discussed on a technical level inside the Shadow Defence Ministry in Bonn. Now, as the result of the dismissal of Colonel von Bonin, it has become a first-rate political issue. Von Bonin is an extremely handsome Prussian Junker of 48, who ended the war as Guderian's Chief of Operations and obtained a high position in the Shadow Defence Ministry under General von Speidel (Rommel's No. 2). Last July, after a trip to America, where he was much impressed by the new anti-tank gun, he submitted a Memorandum on the role of a German Army and, finding that he was getting nowhere with it, began to intrigue with Generals outside the Ministry. Last month he was sacked, and immediately published the Memorandum in *Der Spiegel*.

The first part deals with the call-up. Von Bonin believes that, since there has been no military training for ten years, the idea of building the twelve divisions in 24 months is absurd. In his view, it will take four years at least to train the 150,000 volunteers for the cadres and another three years to recruit the 350,000 conscripts. "The whole German working class is terribly anti-militarist," he said to me. "If you rush it and train the cadres and the conscripts together, you just won't get an Army." This may be true, but I suspect that what he really wants is to follow van Seeckt's example in the 1920s and build up an élite of long-term officers and N.C.O.s, which can re-establish the Prussian tradition. On this issue he will get little popular support.

It is the section of the Memorandum dealing with strategy which has caused the sensation. Von Bonin repudiates General Gruenther's strategy of planned withdrawal. Instead, he proposes that the Nato divisions be kept in reserve, West of the Rhine. The newly constituted German Army should have the sole responsibility for holding the forward areas while General Gruenther's divisions get ready for the counter-offensive. It should consist of small, highly mobile *Sperrverbände* ("block units"), mainly equipped with anti-tank guns and defending in depth a 50-kilometre strip all along the Zonal frontier. "Ours," he said, "would be what the French call an *armée de couverture*, a purely defensive force, which by its very structure could not undertake offensive operations and which would, for this reason, convince the Russians of our peaceful aims."

I asked him the obvious question why British or American units should not be trained to take part in this frontier defence. "The idea shocks me," he said. "This is Germany, and it should be Germans who defend the frontier." And he added that, if his *armée de couverture* had been proposed to the French when E.D.C. was being discussed, he was sure that they would not have turned it down. "Of course I was in favour of E.D.C. when it was first proposed. After all, we were all overshadowed by the thought of Korea in 1950 and the fear that it might be repeated in Europe. We had to accept whatever we could get at that time. But now we must consider most the defence of our own country and the possibility of ending the partition of it. If we have the kind of German Army I want—one which has not been integrated into Nato—there will be no obstacle on our side in the way of neutralisation if the the Russians agree to it." "But do you think the Russians ever will agree?" I asked. "Of course, *my mind* says they will never retire from Eastern Germany," he replied. "Why should they? But we must try." He went on to outline a plan for *Bündnislosigkeit*, which he agreed was closely similar to the neutralisation of the Low Countries and Belgium before 1914. The frontiers of a united Germany should be guaranteed by the Western and Eastern powers and it should be permitted an army for self-defence. "Suppose the Russians agree?" I asked, "What would you do about the People's Police in the Eastern Zone?" "We'd take them over," he said, "as part of the united German Army"; and when I showed some surprise, he remarked: "After all, that would be a minor problem compared with the nationalised industries, the education system and all the other changes carried out by the Communists in the Eastern Zone. If we can manage to merge East and West Germany on all these social and economic levels, then surely the problem of the People's Police is a minor one. The fact is, we haven't much time," he said. "If we are forced to wait ten years they will have Communised the youth of the Eastern Zone, and then it will be too late. That is why we must get unification quickly and permit nothing to be done by way of military integration with the West which could impede it. We must make the Russians an honest offer soon." "And what if that offer is rejected?" I said. "Then we will have to accept Nato integration," he replied, "and see Europe turned into another Korea and Germany permanently divided, unless there is another war. But that is too dreadful to contemplate. We must succeed."

The publication of von Bonin's Memorandum has, for the first time, confronted German public opinion with the appalling dilemma implicit in the Paris Treaty. He himself struck me as the best and most dangerous type of Junker, an ambitious, patriotic officer, who would stick at nothing in order to re-create the German State in the authoritarian Prussian image; and I am not surprised that the Social Democrats, though they may agree with some of his strategic ideas, have been careful not to identify themselves politically with him. Indeed, what is important is not his row with the Shadow Defence Ministry but the public debate that it has caused. Dr. Adenauer, of course, still adheres tenaciously to the policy of Western integration, and I was told by one of his chief lieutenants that there should be no negotiations with Russia until that integration has gone so far that it cannot be reversed. Such a view may be acceptable to Rhineland or Bavarian Catholics, whose dislike of Prussia outweighs their German nationalism. But it would be most unwise to make Western policy and strategy dependent on political forces which will soon be regarded as separatist by the majority of Germans. "We can't have a C.D.U. Army," von Bonin said to me scornfully. "It must be a German Army, serving German national interests."

There he spoke not only for his own narrow caste, but for the millions who have supported the Socialist opposition to the Paris Treaty. If their demand for neutralisation is brushed aside on Dr. Adenauer's advice, the Western powers may succeed in integrating the Federal into Nato and raising twelve German divisions. But those divisions will soon be as militarily valueless and politically unreliable as the People's Police of the Eastern Zone. Then, sooner or later, someone will stage a Nationalist *coup d'état* in Bonn, accept an invitation to Moscow, and return to be greeted with tumultuous applause as the liberator of his country.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London Diary

At the Afro-Asian Conference, as at the Asian Conference which Nehru called in Delhi in 1947, the only possible language for general purposes has been English. A French translation was available for the Vietnamese and any Syrians, Lebanese and others who might prefer it. But, without English, there is no way in which th: Indians, Chinese, Burmese, Japanese, Indonesians, Gold Coasters and the rest can speak to each other. This makes it important that English should be more than superficially understood. My impression from recent travelling in these parts is that spoken English is deteriorating. Of course, the leading figures in India, Burma and other ex-colonial countries speak perfect English—indeed, much better English than most British or American politicians. But I had not gone very far in Asia, even, for that matter, in India, without discovering that, while English is a kind of official language, constituting almost a class division, many of those who speak it are quickly lost in an English discussion. The Japanese find English particularly difficult.

* * *

In Southern India, where English is widely and fluently spoken, I detected the development of something like a new English dialect. Even Indians, who understand the language as well as the English do themselves, and talk it, by the way, extremely fast, have acquired a new and, to an outsider, often scarcely intelligible pronunciation. I believe that different provinces are developing an English that will bear the same relationship to English-English as Swiss-German does to Berlin-German. The reason is apparent to any visitor to an Indian school. The older generation of Indians learnt English from the English; the younger generation learnt it from Indians who learnt it from the English. The children now at school are learning it from Indians who learnt it from Indians who learnt it from the English. It is a bit like the whispering game we used to play when we were children; each member of the circle passes on to his neighbour a slightly more surprising version of the original.

* * *

Mr. Nenkov is the second recent instance of a visitor to the West from behind the Iron Curtain who, after an enthusiastic welcome, decides, after all, he would rather go back home. The first was a schoolboy who was apparently bothered about his exams and attracted by Western atmosphere; then he got homesick and thought better of it. This seems a fairly straightforward affair. No doubt he would be in disgrace on his return, but probably no more than schoolboy disgrace. The behaviour of Mr. Nenkov raises much bigger issues. Here is an entertainer, already well-established, who gives out that he wants political asylum in the West and then, after a fanfare of trumpets and a royal welcome from the exiled Bulgarians, changes his mind and returns to Communist territory. The only explanation of this that seems to

me to fit the facts is that he came over to the West with the good will of the Bulgarian Government. Whether he would learn anything useful by his short sojourn this side may be doubted, but he would certainly have a good tale to tell when he got home. He must have enjoyed teasing the emigré Bulgarians, and has, no doubt, succeeded in making all the refugee movements of Eastern Europe a good deal more cautious about welcoming all and sundry as *bona fide* political refugees.

* * *

So popular—and so deservedly popular—is Lady Megan Lloyd George that, by universal consent, she is spared those sneers and smacks that usually follow a change of party allegiance. Everyone, even the Liberals whom she has so long regarded as inadequate champions of her inborn radicalism, will be glad if she comes back to the House. The only wonder is that she has been so long in doing it. By waiting to make the announcement until the eve of the election, she materially helps the Labour Party, and will certainly bring some Liberal votes with her. She also avoids the possible charge that she has changed her Party allegiance in order to get a seat. Labour will have to wait for a good bye-election to get her in. One of the most sensible ways in which Transport House can make capital out of her migration would be to include her in the team of popular Labour faces which is to appear on the last television programme before the poll.

* * *

I see nothing perverse about Tony Wedgwood Benn's persistent attempt to remain a commoner. He is making a point of public importance. The issue is really the refusal of the Establishment—in this case, the House of Lords—to face the fact that, for some people, automatic elevation to the peerage is a life sentence rather than an honour. Mr. Benn has marshalled impressive support behind his claim to renounce the Stansgate title. But he has so far failed, despite the fiery eloquence of his father, to defeat Fogeydom. I believe a Labour Government would give him the relief he seeks: it surely could not defend hereditary exclusion from a political career—a fate that even the sons of bankrupts, felons and lunatics escape. Why should the merits, as well as the sins, of eminent fathers be visited upon unwilling successors?

* * *

In order to refute the charge that the Communists change the record to suit the current Party line, one correspondent writes this week to cite examples from Volume VI of Stalin's Collected Works in which Stalin speaks of "Trotsky's undoubtedly important role in the uprising," and admits that he "fought well in the period of October." These comic examples of Soviet understatement appeared both in the Russian (1947) and English (1953) editions. Considering that in the early '20s, when Stalin had been hardly heard of, Trotsky's reorganisation of the army and leadership at the critical moment made him a Communist hero almost as great as Lenin, these quotations actually confirm rather than refute the charge of historical "rewrite." There are other contemporary Communist works in which Trotsky's name was actually removed from the text and Stalin's inserted instead of it. And need I remind my correspondent of the recent letter to purchasers of the Soviet Encyclopaedia asking them to remove the two pages devoted to the eulogy of Beria, and, instead, to substitute matter of the same length devoted to the Bering Straits?

* * *

A correspondent writes to tell me that I am supported in my view of the incident of Christ and the money-changers by Cruden's Concordance (1954 edition) which says that: "The scourge of small cords used by Jesus in clearing the Temple was merely a symbol of authority." Another correspondent tells me that he wrote on the same point to *Time and Tide* saying that it was surely strange reasoning to suggest that because Our Lord drove the money-changers from the Temple with a whip, "it is compatible with Christianity to burn 300,000 people to death in one night in Dresden!"

* * *

It must be several months now since any reputable publisher stood in the dock charged with "obscene libel." Have the authorities been reading Milton? Or the NEW STATESMAN? Or gathering themselves *pour mieux sauter*? The explosion of the "five trials" last year certainly covered the Director of Public prosecutions with debris, and the Society of Authors' Bill provided at least an opportunity for the House of Commons to heap a little more on him. But this quiescent period shouldn't lull anyone. The law is as it was. *Hicklin* and the "tendency to deprave and corrupt" are unimpaired. Most opportunely, therefore, comes a reprint in pamphlet form of the excellent series of anonymous articles that appeared last year, at the height of the storm, in the *Justice of the Peace and Local Government Review* ("Obscene Publications," Justice of the Peace, Ltd., Little London, Chichester, 2s. post free). I hoped from the start that these articles would be republished; and I should like to see the pamphlet, which is pungently and agreeably written as well as authoritative in its law, achieve a wide circulation. I would even support an amendment of the law to ensure that, when the next jury is given copies of a shocking book to take home for the week-end, it is also given copies of this pamphlet and told to read that first. It concludes with some recommendations which would very nearly satisfy the sponsors of the Society of Authors' Bill. I hope to see that Bill revived in the new Parliament. A powerful additional incentive to change the law will come from the book on the whole subject of obscenity which Mr. St. John-Stevas has been compiling during the past year. I have been lucky in being able to read some of it in proof and have no doubt that it is the best thing yet written on the subject.

* * *

The questionnaire printed on a later page is an opportunity for readers of the NEW STATESMAN to blow off steam. Of course, they do this already in personal letters to the Editor, and at meetings at which they inveigle *N.S. & N.* writers to speak, in order that they may cross-question them about everything in the journal. As might be expected, our readers are a critical and pernickety lot. Some complain that the literary side of the paper is reactionary—others that the political side is too Left. Some like the "profiles"; some think them awful. Some express views about the journal's format which we should like to see elaborated. There are readers who think we are mealy mouthed about American policy, and others who declare that we are never fair to the Americans. There are some (we had one this week) who think all the paper dull except the front page, and others, probably more numerous, who declare that they read the small advertisements first, and, if they have time, move on to "This England" and the competitions. Such individual complaints tend to cancel each other out.

The point of the questionnaire, which may be torn out and posted, is to give the Editor a statistical hint about readers' wishes, so that he may have their corporate likes and dislikes in mind when he introduces new features, or changes existing ones.

CRITIC

Tea for Two

Come to tea, Sir, please,
Let us converse at ease,
The moment for our meeting is propitious;
It would be very nice
At last to break the ice,
We feel that you will find our tea delicious.

Let China and the States
Shake hands across the Straits,
Do not refuse our courteous persuasion;
Let fragrant whiffs ascend
From China's choicest blend,
To mark a ceremonial occasion.

A welcome waits you here
Respectful and sincere,
The atmosphere we know will be unclouded,
But hope you will agree
That two is company,
While three are apt to get a little crowded.

There may be many a slip
Between the cup and lip,
Tea-parties are by storms in teacups shaken;
But no rude incident
Mars sociable content
When China tea is ritually taken.

A difference of taste
In good time we have faced,
And though we drink our tea without dilutio.
The token good-will brew
We plan to offer you
We'll serve with cream and sugar in profusion.

The friendly gesture made,
The porcelain service laid,
We hope your kind response will not be too long.
Your presence we request
To take, as honoured guest,
A cup of Peking's best Formosa Oolong.

SAGITTARIUS

This England

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

I had been doing football pools for years, winning nice-sized dividends. But on learning that the coupons were checked on Sundays I ceased entering.—Letter in *Competitors' Journal*. (A. Lynton.)

News for the people who consider it bad manners to do anything else but eat and talk when at the dinner-table—the Queen Mother has installed a giant TV set in the dining-room at Clarence House.

When alone, Princess Margaret and her mother arrange their chairs so that they can look in while eating and frequently break off to join in with the odd music-hall song.—*Daily Herald*. (P. Watkins.)

A General Election during Derby week is unprecedented.—*Birmingham Mail*. (G. Tibbett.)

It is not surprising that to each of the Groves there comes every week a shoal of letters, some with advice, some with gifts, some with requests, and some with expressions of gratitude and appreciation. But all of them underline the affection and admiration that the families of Britain hold for them, and which is perhaps best typified by the young man who wrote to say he had just two ambitions. One, to play cricket for England. And the other to marry Pat Grove. And surely nothing could be more estimably British than that? —*Radio Times*. (E. Worth.)

London Diary

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION • APRIL 2nd.

". . . And I have missed, more seriously, the real public service which the daily Lobby Correspondents have been performing, however indiscreetly, in telling us, naughtily but so revealingly, the details of what has been going on inside the Labour Party. It's worth recalling, incidentally, that without these leaks, public opinion would have been utterly unable to judge the rights and wrongs of matters which, whether the Labour Party likes it or not, are of the greatest public importance."

THIS IS A TRIBUTE TO TWO GREAT NEWSPAPERMEN . . .

DEREK MARKS
Political Correspondent

TREVOR EVANS
Industrial Correspondent

BE WELL INFORMED BY READING THEIR NEWS REPORTS

in the

DAILY EXPRESS

Looking at Life

The Immortal Memory

Four fluffy Teddy girls in black trousers, and just off the Birmingham coach, were standing at a cottage doorway sucking a fruit squash through straws. They turned round to look at the crowds and the flags. Sucking through straws puts a brief look of cross thoughtfulness on girls' faces and teaches them to roll their eyes when they take a look at the world. "Wass awis kreow?" they asked. The car parks were full, there were coaches by the dozen, there were white staffs with that most dispiriting of all urban sights, the flags of all the nations. The girls were told that Stratford was celebrating Shakespeare's birthday. They took the straws out: "Shayspees birthdy—caw," they said, pouting with irritation, and turned their backs on it. Who would have thought a motor coach could do that to you?

Stratford very nearly doubles its population on a day like this. There was a crowd dressed for a Spring that had not yet settled, hot one minute, cold the next, and iron clouds were coming up moodily. There would be that spot or two of rain which has told us how futile it is in England to live for pleasure. In the green gardens before the Memorial Theatre, with its air of being a Technological Institute, sat the sandwich eaters. American airmen, Chinese, Vietnamese, Pakistanis, Turks, Africans and Australians took photographs. One took a picture of the car park. The top hats and tail coats of the visiting diplomats added a bridal touch. Scores of women and children and a great many men nursed wreaths or bunches of daffodils to carry in the long procession that would lead to Shakespeare's tomb in the chancel of the parish church. In the town, Tea Shoppes were packed out, bunches of people were at all windows, curious bird-like voices could be heard in the doorways of "the birthplace" and other Shakespearean properties. There was a crowd round the entrance to the theatre waiting with carnivorous and smiling calm for the celebrities to arrive. The newer and smaller the country, the larger the car of the Legation. There were the delighted Warwickshire police, a very conversible group of men in the burring style, softened by years of duty in a beauty spot and by tolerance of foreigners. The scene by the curve of the Avon was pretty, for the arches of the bridge make circles in the river. The oars creaked, soldiers were in the canoes, the swans dipped under the hanging willows. The greyness of the sky, when it is not leaden, sharpens the green in the Spring and makes dandelions look hot. Distantly, unbelievably true to the English scene, one saw the white flannels of cricketers across the grass that had the trodden smell which mingles so naturally now with the smell of the exhaust of cars.

No one can say we do this kind of celebration well. We do the right thing, of course, and that is what kills. In France, the fire brigade would have been out and everyone would have jeered; or someone would have had a row with the police and the police would have got the worst of it. The town drunk would have paraded alone, blowing an imaginary trumpet. The town crier would have called out continuously the price of sardines and haricot beans in the market. Not so with us. We can't help it. Everything here has to be run by Nurse. There is something flat in our voices, inadequate in our actions and municipal in our minds, an awful self-consciousness, that knocks the guts out of any attempt to do more than hold a cattle show, organise a horse race or run a Coronation. There we excel, but our pilgrimages are a flop, and our official industrialisations of any article of fame or history are tedious. There is a good deal of the national weakness for humbug in the much advertised love of tradition and ceremony, and it becomes blatant when we are not going all out on the thing. Shakespeare *is* the genuine thing. The Shakespeare season at Stratford *is* an excellent institution. The difficulty is, as I say, to make us celebrate. We drive in, eat a sandwich, drive out. Indeed, as we wandered about, what was really in our minds was the bit we had read in the morning's paper. A year ago, on the birthday itself, someone had strangled a woman, tied a tombstone to her, with an interesting epitaph on it, and thrown her into the river. Detectives were said to be in the crowd looking for the man who might have chosen to revisit the place of his crime on this anniversary. This was the one possible Shakespearean event in the festivity.

As proper things go, Stratford does them well. The Mayor is punctilious, the guests at the grand luncheon are cultivated. There are speeches. The toast of "the immortal memory" is proposed. Then there is the procession round the town to the tomb. Schoolboys in O.T.C. uniforms, the true martyrs of the cause—is it still *Julius Caesar* followed by *The Merchant of Venice*?—march before their elders to whom the subject has become remote and now official. I collected a few remarks. Somebody said Shakespeare "made for human betterment." Somebody else, an arch fellow, said Shakespeare was negligent of mayors for family reasons. Another man said that, until he had taken up a job in the Borough, he had never taken much interest in Shakespeare; but I gathered that, like joining the Masons, an interest was thought to be good for business. So he set to and found that if ever he had a "problem" Shakespeare "always had the answer." Overheard at another table: "Malvolio cannot be played tragically; he would nowadays be considered a case for the psychiatrist and therefore suitable only for comedy." The luncheon was attended by dozens of diplomats and I heard one of those gallant remarks that will keep a counsellor going for years. It still puzzles me. "If the moon is hidden," a South American gentleman said, "is that her fault?" "The moon's?" said the lady. "I explain," said the diplomat. "If a cloud comes over the moon, can she help it?" An ambassador said to another, leaving the room, "I have altered my propaganda."

The odd side of the celebrations was the international. World unity depends on a supply of world figures. In view of the state of the world they have to be World Cultural Figures. There are not so very many. Shakespeare today, Cervantes not long ago, Columbus continually. They have been promoted out of the world of art to be perambulated down the corridors of cultural propaganda. The diplomats unfurl the flags of their nations in the street and smile like shopwalkers. "And the next cultural pleasure, madame?" Where football has been a disaster perhaps art and literature will succeed. We can be sure that the representatives of the new States, Viet Nam and the Koreas, have all read Shakespeare just as they have read T. S. Eliot, for the small States make a point of squaring up culturally to the great ones. The indigenous population of this strange town on the whole does not care for the disturbance caused by the poet. He fills the place with strangers, and small towns hate that: "Only the hotels get anything out of it." The Stratfordians say they can't get seats in the theatre because, again, the strangers book them in advance. The poet causes crowds to collect, litter, parking difficulties, and extra money on the rates, and as the policeman said, "It's dry stuff, I tried it. When it comes on television I switches off quick. But my daughter don't, that's funny."

And at the luncheon, we had Shakespeare up to date: Sir Kenneth Clark, proposing the toast of "the immortal memory," spoke against that low cultural groan which comes from the educated at the mention of the word television and said that one thing the televising of Shakespeare did was to take Shakespeare out of the hands of the producer and put him back into the hands of the verse speakers. He also said that major cuts in the text were less damaging in this medium than the minor ones. I have seen this postcard Shakespeare; it was as curious as a peepshow, and Sir Kenneth was right: it was admirable for the speaking of verse. We were sitting through a mass celebration typical of our time: official, international, bureaucratic, handed down to us from above. It was proper that we should discuss Shakespeare in relation to the dominant medium of this kind of life. Television depends on unforeseen areas of apathy in ourselves, and yet, obviously, not altogether on our apathy. This mass machine answers to a popular hunger, the main hunger of mass life: not for art, education and so on, but for the things to which mass-life is inimical—privacy and intimacy.

When one thinks of mass culture or mass diversions, one thinks of the Greek theatre with its tens of thousands and its primitive simplified subjects, of the strong incident of the Roman circus, the huge communal shout of the football matches, and the slot machine bets of the greyhound races, the mesmerising sing-song of the religious revival. One thinks of spectacle, in which, to be individual is to be a cranky bore or a mere clown, and where we are represented as types—the blank figures of a Morality or the ritual heroes and victims of an ideology, a religion or a myth. There is power, even orgy, in these macroscopic interpretations; there is no intimacy. On the television screen, the crowd scenes and the processions fail, the close-up succeeds, the private can be spoken. We have found a machine for the general evocation of the intimate, the individual, the particular which mass-civilisation rubs out. Whatever the machine loses of Shakespeare or any other dramatist, it has this curious gain of miniature which, in its skilful use, can make certain things large and select other things for their intensity. I fancy that even the worst programmes are not a mere lethargic flicking over of the horrible shiny pictures of a vapid magazine and that the inner, as distinct from the obvious, effect upon the viewer, is to satisfy a desire for intensity which, in the slack convenience and boredom of mechanical life, had almost atrophied.

The jolliest man in the procession was the beadle, a short, round, pink-faced fellow, gay as a bubble in his scarlet and his gold. If it had been in his ritual to turn a couple of somersaults before the procession, he would have done so with art and aplomb. The splendid manner in which he announced the toasts, and then stood back, his blue eyes shining with expectancy at

NEXT WEEK

China in Uniform

The first article in an important series on the Far East

KINGSLEY MARTIN

The Royal Academy

VICKY and JOHN BERGER

"I pay people to know these things"

You may not have studied refractories. "Technical details?" you may say. "I pay people to know these things."
Well, it is true that refractories are technically complex: their selection is a specialist's job. It is also true that there are people who know all about them—only, they ask nothing for their advice.
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the speakers, his face, indeed his whole body, quivering with inside laughter at the jokes, the subtlety of which he saw before everyone, marked him out divinely intended to cheer up public functions. He had come out for *The Midsummer Night's Dream*; perhaps one of his forebears was a model, perhaps Warwickshire turns out these happily bred men. One is so envious of those who walk in processions that to be satirical about the rest would be inevitable. I liked the way the Marine Band stopped blowing instantly at the churchyard gates and made a bolt for the motor coach waiting for them; they had done their stint for "the immortal memory" and were off. The bells began to peal. The top hats went inside the church. A child, pointing to the Town Clerk in his wig, cried out: "Is that Shakespeare?" The father, a Pakistani, gave the child one of those cultural rebukes of the new international era. The youths of the town went off to consider the cars of the Corps Diplomatique, the grand pianos of motoring. "Supersonic", they said. Spots of rain began to fall. Where, we wondered, listening to the pretty river sounds and watching the hikers go off with their packs, was "the wanted man?" Had he really come back in this crowd to look again at the spot where he pushed the woman into the water? Had he considered another kill? Weren't we told, when we were young, to keep away from crowds?

V. S. Pritchett

At Harrogate Baht 'At

Tacitus has described in *Germania* how the tribal women were accustomed to swarm on the battlefield with shrill cries and excite their menfolk, already frenzied by their mere presence, to an extremity of valour. There is nothing like that about the Labour women. They're already in there, pitching. Not that they fail to exhort or shrink from ululation. The Royal Hall, Harrogate, heard plenty of both during the Labour Women's conference. But the historic part of Labour women in politics, and more particularly in elections, is to campaign; not simply sit at the ringside like molls in mink.

There they were, the good, solid mothers and grandmothers from the constituencies, the faithful members of the General Management Committees, the trustworthy canvassers who, when the big talkers are snug by their TV sets, go canvassing in the evening rain, the women who knit and bake for the Labour bazaars, the disciplined and kindly women who, in the last thirty years or more, have brought Labour to its present eminence and raised a family as well. They are the women whose unflinching loyalty and devotion to the Party so often make the graces and gymnastics of those whom they elect seem tawdry.

They were there for business. Outside, the sun threw its enticement on the cupolas and gardens of Harrogate, but apart from an occasional cup of tea taken standing in the long bar, where there were no seats to delay them, the delegates remained in their places, listening, taking notes for the Report Back and occasionally crying "Question!" and "Sit down!"

For Labour's women, though tolerant and kindly, have a strict regard for the constitutional proprieties. That is why, when Mrs. E. Gibbons, the lively and persistent delegate from Edinburgh, kept speaking on the Hydrogen Bomb long after the red light on the rostrum appeared, the howl that arose from the assembly would not have disgraced the House of Commons. In a way, the punctiliousness of the Floor was its undoing, particularly during the Hydrogen Bomb debate. The Platform had produced a composite and anodyne resolution calling for talks—or what the Chelsea delegate was later to call "more talk about talks." In the debate that followed, a queue of women formed at the dais. With one or two exceptions, they protested at the lack of precision in the resolution. They spoke briefly and warm-heartedly; but the most impressive speech of the day—and the one which produced most applause—came from Mrs. Edna Baylis, of Coventry, who opposed the manufacture and use of the H-bomb under any circumstances.

It was at this point that the wave of emotion from the Floor struck the breakwater of the Platform. A number of delegates wanted to move that an addendum be joined to the resolution, calling for specific action. But Miss L. Hill, the Chairman, said it was Out of Order. And besides, she had the microphone.

To understand the problem of a delegate to a Labour conference, you have to remember that whatever its power in other circumstances, a woman's voice in a gaunt hall holding six or seven hundred people is a frail thing. Somebody pops up at a moment of excitement when there is a swelling of conversation and a shuffling of papers and calls at the top of her voice "On a point of order! Madam Chairman, I want to ask—" Immediately there is a general hubbub with piercing cries of "Speak up!" from those on the Floor, the banging of the Chairman's gavel, shouts of "Chair! Chair!" and general commotion.

Then the Chairman rises with her weapon in her hand. "Will the delegate please resume her seat?" her voice booms in megatones. The delegate pipes back, "Madam Chair, I'd like to—" "Will the delegate please sit down?" the Chairman thunders again, the voice of authority, reverberating from roof to floor and wall to wall and dominating the challengers.

When dealing with experienced and determined politicians, a Chairman loses some of his microphonic advantage. But the Labour women are not professional politicians. They are not sure of the answers to the experienced staff work of conference organisers. Thus it was that, despite the feeling of the conference, Mary Baxter and Edna Baylis did not get their hoped-for amendment, and Miss Herbison in her best debating form—her platform manner gets more like Mr. Herbert Morrison's every day—swung the conference behind the National Labour Women's Advisory Committee's resolution, despite the substantial number of displeased abstainers.

The barometer of interest in this conference could be read by an observer of the Platform's *mores*. At most times the front row smoked in concert. But at moments of high concern, the cigarettes were stubbed. When Mrs. Topple complained about the high price of tea, there wasn't a wisp to be seen. Uninhibited in their protest against the rising cost of living, the conference demanded vigorous action. It was less enthusiastic for Mrs. Souness's paradox that Labour women should form a Housewives' League while at the same time reviving the spirit of the pioneers.

From the Platform the two best speeches came from Barbara Castle, on the proposal for a Ministry of Consumer Welfare, and Alice Bacon. Alice Bacon in particular deserves great credit for her single-minded enthusiasm for the cause of the equalisation of opportunity for school children. It is an idea inherent in Socialist principle but one with which many have become bored. One delegate said her own child was in a class of 73 in Cornwall. Another said that she became a Socialist because of her interest in education. The conference made it clear that education will be a major issue of Labour's election campaign.

At the end of the day, the familiar groups of Labour women—they have a hatless family resemblance wherever they may be, just as the behatted Tory women all look like middle-aged sisters—stood on the steps of the Hall in a halo of sunlight and a radiation of optimism. "Just as many wealthy people here as in the Tory Party," a sour and elderly *indigène* of Harrogate said as he paused to gawk at the beaming ladies. Well—perhaps!

Maurice Edelman

Libya and the Bonds of Freedom

We were standing behind the sea-wall, looking out across the harbour of Tripoli, and my friend allowed himself a more personal opinion than is usual with permanent officials in this new Kingdom, with its population of just over a million. "We are independent," he said, "but only on paper. We have a Constitution which pays respect to the Rights of Man; so I suppose we can control our own affairs, including our foreign policy. But it is all a sham. We are one of the poorest countries in the world, and a poor country cannot be free. We are beggars, coming to the richer nations for help, with only one thing to give them in return—our position on the map. We are a good base for aeroplanes. We give you a base; you give us money and technical skill. It allows us to live, but it turns our freedom into a myth. Still, it is better to be fed in slavery than to starve in freedom. So we thank God for the Cold War."

My friend was being realistic, not cynical; and his reflections sum up very accurately the truth of his country's position in 1955. He was right about Libya's nominal "freedom," granted by the United Nations in December, 1951, and enshrined in a Constitution designed to "guarantee the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity," with a King, a Senate, and a House of Representatives; with universal male suffrage; with equality before the law; with freedom of the press; with compulsory education; with the right to employment; with the right to "an appropriate standard of living." This is certainly one aspect of Libya: freedom gifted by the U.N. to Mussolini's slaves. But my friend was also right about the other things, the poverty and the economic despair.

Libya is largely desert, and her exports have always been crops that are weakened by drought, or bad husbandry, or incompetent marketing—barley, esparto, olives, citrus. One has only to be here for a few hours to see the basic absurdities of the 1951 Constitution. What can be the meaning of "an appropriate standard of living" in a country whose average income per head is about five shillings a week? What is the value of universal male suffrage, or a free press, in a land where eight people in every ten are illiterate? What is meant by "compulsory education" where only 40 per cent. of the children go to school? What, indeed, do all the high-sounding phrases mean to people who know only too well that infant mortality in 1954 was three hundred per thousand live births?

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To quote all this is not, of course, to accuse the United Nations of blatant hypocrisy. The former U.N. Commissioner to Libya, Adrian Pelt, in his final report to the General Assembly in January, 1952, made it quite clear that although the "machinery of independence" had worked well, the magnitude of the need for economic, financial, and social assistance had not been fully realised. Libya, he pleaded, required above all else, financial assistance "well beyond the capacity of the United Nations." But where was Libya to find this financial assistance if not directly through the U.N.? That the Commissioner well knew the answer was shown in a letter attached to his report, in which he "noted that foreign relations and defence, and therefore the conclusion of any treaties or agreements concerning the presence of foreign troops and military installations" would be the concern of the new Libyan Government, and were outside his own terms of reference. The truth is, of course, that if foreign Governments are eager to have troops on your soil, it is not so very hard to extract money in return. Since then, Libya has been receiving help from two main sources; technical assistance from the U.N. and its Specialised Agencies, and financial aid from the West. To the former there are no strings attached; the latter is far less altruistic.

Technical assistance from the U.N. Agencies costs about three and three-quarter million dollars a year, of which Libya herself pays three millions. There are eighty U.N. experts here at the moment, working mainly in agriculture (preparing new varieties of crops, new methods of cultivation, the better preservation of hides and skins, organising the large-scale spraying of fruit-trees, and so on), education, health and the education of young Libyans for the new Civil Service. It would be unfair to minimise this work; but the U.N. Commissioner was right in claiming that Libya needed, "above all else," direct financial aid; and she has been getting it. Under the American Point-Four Programme she has so far had little more than advice and expertise, but the United States has now concluded a treaty for base rights, under which Libya is expected to receive five million dollars a year. Britain has a twenty-year treaty under which she pays £3¾ million a year. France contributes £100,000; Italy, Turkey and Egypt £10,000 each. Altogether, therefore, Libya is receiving £5¾ million as direct assistance from "friendly" Governments, against a mere £260,000 from the U.N.

A high proportion of this direct aid is spent through the Libyan Public Development and Stabilisation Agency, whose general manager, Sir Arthur Dean, is a British engineer with a fine record in India, and a realistic attitude to the situation in which he finds himself. The Agency's budget for 1955 shows the variety of its work: Dredger for Benghazi Harbour (£54,000); Improving desert tracks in the Fezzan (£7,000); Purchase of Palm Shoots (£1,515); Primary Schools (£30,000); Slum clearance (£22,000). Last year's expenditure contained such emergency items as "Exceptional floods on November 6 and 7; cost of repairs to walls, roads, and bridges . . . £25,000; repairs to railway and roads in Cyrenaica, £35,000." Then the ominous entry: "The village of Zoueya which was destroyed by floods in the Spring of 1953 has been completely reconstructed." All this is apart from straight payments to bridge the gap between routine income and expenditure, to which Britain contributes £2½ million a year.

Those details show the ways in which Libya, month by month, is indebted to the gifts of friendly States, and to her own geographical position. In time of peace this is a tiny and insignificant land, free on the whole from the violent quarrels of the Arab world to the East, and of French Colonialism to the West . . . a piece of desert on which a million people exist as best they can. But in time of war, "hot" or "cold," Libya has her own importance. She was a battlefield from 1940 to 1943; today she is the nearest Mediterranean base to South-Eastern Europe; the distance by air from Tripoli to Warsaw is precisely the distance from London to Moscow. "Thank God," said my friend, "for the Cold War."

This is the harsh reality, and morals hardly enter into it. If they did, it would be difficult to judge between the bonds of the old-fashioned imperialism, and the tight ties of modern economic subservience. The world at one and the same time concedes political freedom and makes it an absurdity. Nor should we forget that Libyan independence was supervised by a Council of ten nations from which those of Eastern Europe were carefully excluded (although the U.S.S.R., with France, Britain, and the U.S., was one of the Powers that were initially asked to report on Libya's suitability for independence). The Soviet Union protested, with some justice, at the composition of the Council, as "intended to secure the political, military, and strategic interests of the Colonial Powers at the expense of the United Nations and the people of Libya." Yet one fact must be faced: Libya cannot survive without foreign aid from somewhere, and both her loyalties and geographical position have pushed her into the arms of the West.

The only crime of the Nato Powers has been to "stage-manage" a position that was in their favour in any case. After all, the soldiers who freed Libya in 1943 were British, and the British military authorities were wise enough, even in those days, to give Libya considerable technical assistance, particularly in the field of food and agriculture—a gesture which is still remembered here. I repeat: the importance of Libya in 1955 is solely her value as a Western base, and in consequence the Libyans starve less frequently than ever before. Not that they are entirely happy, for Libya has rivals in her wooing of the West! Spain also has bases to offer, and Turkey has mysteriously jumped into the North Atlantic. If the Western Powers were to feel that Libya was hardly worth the money, who would help her then?

GEORGE LEATHER

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Didi and the Glass of Fashion

THE only time that Didi ever really embarrassed me was when she arrived to go to the theatre dressed from head to foot in poisonous green corduroy, with a high hat to match, looking like a witch without a broomstick. As she was tall, with long black hair, goggling eyes and a large nose, the effect was seizing, even in the Latin Quarter. "I bought it for three pounds when I was in London," she explained, "I think it makes me look so English."

She might as well have appeared draped in a Spanish shawl or bright with Eastern crescents of every phase, for her wardrobe was as confusedly cosmopolitan as herself. Didi was restrained in her dress by neither good looks nor money, and she dressed as she meant and felt. Her birthplace was Germany, but this was irrelevant, for Didi had spent her childhood running from one capital to the next as if in a game; her homes were snatched away like musical chairs; and now she was a student, tramping the draughty corridors of the Beaux-Arts, painting quaysides and tuberculous nudes. And dressing variously.

Didi had worked her way through the Eastern and South European expatriates when I met her. She was sitting at a café table between a fresh-faced Scandinavian and his wife, and they were all discussing Strindberg. I could tell from what Didi said that she thought that he was Ibsen, but this did not seem to disturb the Scandinavians, both of whom were nudging her under the table. But Didi, whatever her muddle over Northern literature might be, had orthodox appetites—and in any case she had decided already to attach herself to the West, to learn all about it.

I explained to her, as an Englishman, that we disliked flamboyance without chic, and she made herself an excessively grim dress from a blanket, in which she rode about Paris on the back of my bicycle. She even followed me to the Bibliothèque Nationale where I studied; she sat reading ballad poetry, which I thought simplest for her, with a puzzled look on her face. She particularly liked Kipling. We acted as one another's bankers, for she was far too generous and I careless with my allowance, but there was no closer link between us. Didi needed something stronger to connect her to England and its mysterious ways, and that, I imagine, was why she became restless and told her café acquaintances "We should have a complete friendship; but he is lazy and too shorter than me."

When the ex-G.I. students arrived in Paris to size it up and hamburgers burgeoned in the Boul'Miche, Didi went campus girl. In a striped woollen scarf reaching to her knees and ribbed

socks, she looked as comfortable as a bird of paradise in a siren suit. She assimilated a pocket-book culture and began to paint the quaysides in sharper relief and colours reminiscent of Grandma Moses. Wearing a "*véritable duffer*" coat, she acquired a mathematician named Josh, who seemed to her the soul of Transatlantic translucidity. With him she hoped to stand on more solid ground than with a cautious Englishman. Josh, however, was trying to become European. He had just read Gide, rather late in the day, and swore that he had stolen in the name of liberty from every library in Europe. Didi still hoped that he was an honest Josh, the type that shuts out doubt with drink, and succeeds. But Josh was not tough, never touched a drop, and sat with Didi in café corners complaining of the decline in conversation since Wilde.

Didi, who was nothing if not remorselessly up to date, soon regretted Josh, and found another Westerner through whom the meaning of stability might be revealed to her. He was a gloomy medical student from Detroit, who missed his mother but had been unable to make the grade at home. Perhaps it was because of his very dullness that Didi found him exciting; he seemed to promise a sound anchorage. He certainly allowed Didi to fish in his waters and never chased her away, for when he was bored he said he was busy. Didi took this to mean acceptance; she was used to cruder rebuttals. But as his departure drew near, Didi, who had always taken her pleasures as they came, turned lovelorn and got her influences mixed. She sent him letters in passionately incorrect English mistaken from lyrical anthologies. She represented him as a stream from which she longed to drink but which dried up at her approach. The stream replied uneasily that it was busy.

At a clothing stall in the Flea Market, Didi found a pink evening dress with puffed sleeves, roses on the hip and velvet streamers, a musty marvel, cheaper than cheese. She took this romantic revival home and boiled it, an operation which demanded a hundred journeys between the tap on the landing, an explosive gas ring and a tin bucket. Finally, in an effort suggested by heaven knew which evening at the Comedie Francaise, Didi struggled into the pink dress and trapesed across Paris on a bitter cold night to dazzle her lover. In the Metro they laughed and shrugged; at St. Germain the tourists brightened—this was something like it; in the empty markets between the boulevard and his hotel an old woman disturbed in scavenging threw a rotten tomato.

Didi came out of hospital in time to see me off, for we were still good friends. (I had suggested it was an English thing to be.) I was expecting the compliment of corduroy, but I caught no glint of green on the platform, and prepared myself to greet any new development from a sombrero to a sarong. Suddenly I heard her voice behind me, and turned to see a shabby and inconspicuous Didi. Her expression was no longer inquiring; for the first time since I had known her, she looked lost. "I know I look fantastical," she said, "but I couldn't refuse the extra things I had. They are so poor, and their blood is thinner than ours." It was only then that I noticed, loping triumphantly along the platform behind her, the Scandinavian couple, dressed in a familiar motley. The man, I noted, was wearing the Spanish shawl and the woman the "duffer" coat. They each took one of Didi's arms and she smiled goodbye to me—a little bleakly, I thought. "I am learning about the Sagas now," she said. Then, again for the first time since I had known her, she seemed to feel obliged to explain herself and added defiantly, "All knowledge is good, don't you think, if it gives you pleasure?"

NAOMI SHEPHERD

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Let There Be Bread

THE Irish sages said that a thought, a sword, and a spade should never be allowed to rust. Nothing could more accurately express John Boyd-Orr's attitude towards life. The keynote of his existence is an undying restlessness, a restlessness which expresses itself in his delight in facts and their use. He is never happier than when working out some theme in the midst of a squall of books, papers, and grandchildren. In his public life he is for ever setting off upon, or returning from, vast journeys to the ends of the earth. In his physical presence this restlessness is manifest in his gestures, in his quick, in-toed, walk, and above all, of course, in his face—that corrugated forehead, those exuberant eyebrows, the nose jutting like the bow of a boat.

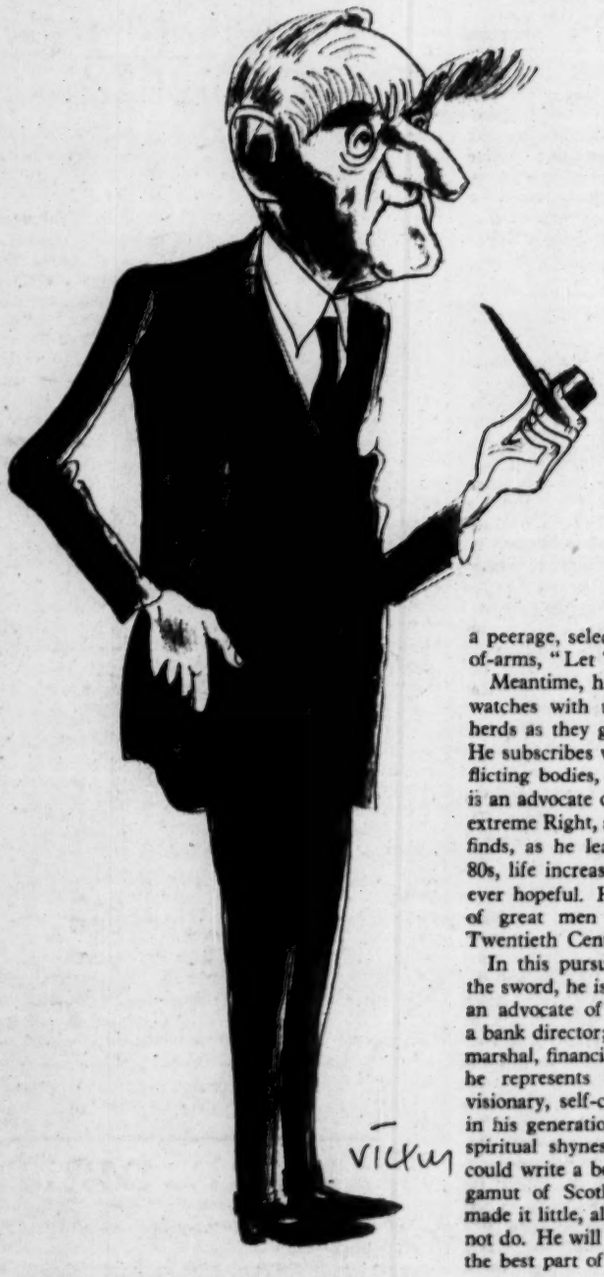
John Boyd-Orr first won fame as a scientist. But his heart lies not at all in collecting and storing facts for their own sake, which is the hallmark of the pure scientist. He is a devotee of the *logos*, that concept which involves at once thought, word, and the concrete embodiment of both. There are, he believes, enough facts, already ascertained, to transform the world. What is lacking in our present circumstances, to his mind, is their effective application. If a piece of knowledge is missing, if there is a link absent from the chain, Boyd-Orr will search unweariedly till it is found. But always he has in mind "What is the object of the exercise?" It is his concentration upon the end, which has made him a world figure, and has opened to him so many doors.

John Boyd Orr—his name at first had three words, he hyphenated the last two to make a title which should be at once familiar and distinctive—was born in 1880, an Ayrshire man. He is a Celt by blood, an Aberdonian by work and environment. If these two components had been, or could be, fused completely into one, a blade of a temper unsurpassable in the world would have been forged. It may be that such a fusion is impossible. It certainly has not been accomplished in the case of Boyd-Orr. Conflicting streaks, from the soft Celtic heart and from the hard Aberdonian head, run down, parallel, from hilt to point. Sometimes there is an enrichment of the whole; sometimes simply a blunting of its cutting edge. (But all this is his humanity, which is another word for charm.)

Orr's father was a small builder in the West of Scotland; and more than one of his sons took the traditional road, which leads, from all over that country, to Glasgow and its University. Orr began, in the leisurely Scottish fashion of those days, with an Arts degree and a teacher's certificate. Then he passed on to qualify in medicine. He completed that course with the Bellahouston Medal for the best graduate of his year. This distinction caused him much embarrassment in later years, when, after having spent his intervening life in research, he suddenly found himself promoted during the 1914 war to the charge of a ward reserved for patients on the danger list.

But, in fact, as an Army doctor, and especially when he reached active service in the field, he was in his natural environment. His soft heart and his hard head were alike invaluable; and the D.S.O. and M.C. testify to his success. Before the end of World War I, however, he had again been seconded to research. When the war ended he returned, almost immediately, to the little laboratory on animal nutrition at Aberdeen, which he had locked up and left when he went to the wars. This was an enterprise undertaken jointly by the North of Scotland Agricultural College and Aberdeen University, and was given the name of the Rowett Institute in honour of its first donor. John Boyd-Orr, however, was its founder in all but name. He raised its funds, he designed its buildings, he collected its staff, he drew up its programmes of work, and he made it famous. Above all, he embarked upon, and endured for twenty years, the long grind of committee meetings, of conferences, of suffering bores gladly, of haunting and prevailing upon Government Departments, and of being all things to all men, which are the exercises and tests of every apostle from St. Paul to our own times. It was in these twenty years that he learnt diplomacy, of which he made so much use in later days. He got his F.R.S.—and he also got endowments of almost £100,000 for his Institute. It is a moot point which was the greater feat.

After twenty years of back-room toil, Orr moved into his more public career. From animal nutrition he had passed to human nutrition. In his book *Food, Health and Income*, he struck out a line which was to carry him far. Briefly, he threw overboard the conception of minimum standards of nutrition, and aimed boldly at the optimum—that is to say, a level of diet at which no addition, in quantity or quality, would improve the health of any individual. He took as his yardstick the diets of those income groups which could afford unlimited intake. Immediately it was clear that to fulfil this objective the world output of foodstuffs would have to be much higher than had previously been supposed; and also, that a large proportion of the population, even in communities generally considered wealthy and well-fed, fell below this optimum level. John Boyd-Orr has preached this simple but sweeping truth ever since. It brought him the Nobel Prize, and a seat, first in the Commons and next in the Lords. More important, it has concentrated upon him a very wide interest and trust, not confined to any one race, or indeed to any one continent.



His *Food, Health and Income* was published before the outbreak of the Second World War. When it ended, he was appointed, almost by acclamation, the first Secretary-General of the new organisation called F.A.O.—Food and Agriculture Organisation—an early child of the new United Nations. In this post he worked enthusiastically. But it is an open secret that the achievement fell far short of his hopes. He had dreamed that, out of F.A.O., a new executive body, the World Food Board, would arise, taking over all food surpluses and coping with want on a global scale. The inroads that this represents on existing States and their policies are obvious to see. But Boyd-Orr was never easily deterred by difficulties, or even very conscious of them. It was not a coincidence, but an echo from the traditional first day of the Creation, which made him, when he received a peerage, select for the motto beneath his coat-of-arms, "Let There be Bread."

Meantime, he practises what he preaches; and watches with unabated pleasure his flocks and herds as they grow, and his crops as they ripen. He subscribes with equal zeal to apparently conflicting bodies, nationalist or internationalist. He is an advocate of views, some of which are of the extreme Right, and others of the extreme Left. He finds, as he leaves his 70s, and approaches his 80s, life increasingly interesting, stimulating, and ever hopeful. He is, in fact, one of the overspill of great men from the Nineteenth into the Twentieth Century.

In this pursuit of the thought, the spade and the sword, he is now a philosopher, a farmer, and an advocate of World Government. He is also a bank director; of all the facts which he loves to marshal, financial facts amuse him most. Indeed, he represents Scotland, practical, sentimental, visionary, self-contradicting, as well as any man in his generation. If he could cut free from the spiritual shyness which still surrounds him, he could write a book which would range the whole gamut of Scotland between the wars; all that made it little, all that made it great. That he will not do. He will become a legend. But legends are the best part of our history.

The Arts and Entertainment

The Morality of Competition

THE *Daily Express* has organised a competition for young painters under thirty-five and offered £3,100 prize money. Out of the thousands submitted, 250 pictures have been selected and are now on show at the New Burlington Galleries, among them the eleven prize-winning entries.

There are two sides to the whole question of these large public competitions which are becoming a feature of British artistic life. On one hand, we can only welcome the fact that a number of artists receive comparatively large sums of money which enable them to buy materials, time and opportunity to continue working more thoroughly. On the other hand, there are profound disadvantages. There are the attached publicity stunts which aggravate popular misunderstanding—read the reports on this exhibition in the *Daily Express*. There is the problem of selection. In the present chaos of æsthetic values, the selection of the winners tends to be the merely fashionable one, and this tendency is increased by the fact that the juries are nearly always chosen from the same fashionable circle. I am convinced that in this case no responsible painting master in any art school would agree with the awarding of the two first prizes. Fashion in art always seizes upon some inessential. But even if the juries were less distinguished and more business-like, there would still be the more difficult problem of whether prizes should be given to achievement or promise. Should they be rewards, or should they be an aid to deserving talent, like scholarships?

Then there is the effect of these competitions on artists themselves: the temptation to paint "outstanding" pictures so that they shall catch the eye of the jury as they are carried past their chairs: the danger of the prize winners overestimating their success, of the neglected becoming bitter, and of the most serious, disgusted by the whole Personality-ridden process, refusing to take part altogether. Of the dozen young painters I have written enthusiastically about during the last year, less than half are exhibiting here; the others presumably did not even bother to enter.

Behind all these arguments there is, I think, a plain truth. Competitions can obviously be stimulating affairs, and equally obviously it would be silly to suppose that juries can ever be infallible. But competitions should be for honour—which everybody in their senses knows may be ephemeral—and for privileges. They should not be for the bare means of living, for the bare opportunity of being able to work at all. It is because the whole position of art in our life at the moment makes them this, that their implications are usually so embittering.

No one, for instance, is going to begrudge Brian Kneale £750 for his slick sophisticated-magazine-illustration canvas of a *Pony in the Snow*, nor Geoffrey Banks the same amount for his street-scene with a tram, which might have been painted by any sensitive student learning from Sickert; no one is even going to begrudge Kenneth Rowell £100 for his *Fish-Fetish* of some men carrying a fish like a bomb, in which every single formalisation is a superficial copy of a Paris mannerism, nor Donald Hamilton Fraser his £100 for a pretty arrangement of rich lacquer colours, called but barely deriving from a *Reclining Figure*. Each of these artists deserves the chance of developing. It is only when one considers the artists who have been passed over, when one is forced to think in terms of a competition for survival, that one becomes angry. The exhibition as a whole is of a low standard, full of easy tricks—mock-cubist facets, bits and pieces of texture, photographic drawing, but here and there are works that suggest a searching seriousness quite lacking in the prize-winning entries referred to above. There is another painting of a quarry by Frederick Brill. It is not as successful as the ones in the R.B.A. which I mentioned last week. The geometric cross imposed upon the structure of the rock face is too arbitrary; it belongs so slightly to the actual scene that its effect is like that of an optical illusion through a sheet of glass. But despite this, the painting has more guts *and* sensitivity in it than any other in the show. There are two canvases by Richard Platt; one of a helicopter, and the other, again, of a quarry. They are formalised works, but in them the artist has really struggled to communicate what he has discovered about a revolving blade and receding slabs of rock. There is Morley Bury's ambitious attempt to paint a passenger's view of a bus driver, including reflections in a window. The vivid green of the coach-work kills the white light of the road and sky outside, but it fails far more bravely than many other pictures succeed. The same is true of John Hart's *Midland Street Midday*, in which the figures are seen silhouetted against an oil lamp sun breaking through the clouds. It has far more direct vision in it than Geoffrey Banks' winning street scene—only it is less suave. There is also Peter Bradfield's *Roof Tops in Florence*, R. W. Barrett's *Mother and Children*, and Michael Fussell's *Fish-gutter*: each of them an independent work.

But finally, and in case I seem to be too hard on the selection committee, I would add that I think four of their prizes have been justly awarded: those to Edward Middleditch's *Chicken in a Flooded Stream* (Middleditch having learnt a great deal from his somewhat chaotic weirs and paving stone still-lifes, is now going on to a new strength), to Dennis Williams' beautifully constructed abstract round a skylon shape, to Inlander's Italian landscape—though his smaller one is far better—and to Bratby's still life.

There is a retrospective exhibition of André Masson's work from 1930 to 1955 at the Leicester Galleries. The earlier paintings show the influence of cubism and surrealism, but recently, having learnt from Turner, Renoir, Monet and Eastern calligraphy, Masson has arrived at a vision truer to his own temperament. His later pictures of nudes bathing in sea spray, of small birds put up against a shot silk screen light, of branches drifted with blossom like snow, are full of charm and a fragile, elegant happiness. They are in the same class of art as Chelsea porcelain. Masson is a weak draftsman, as is proved when he is being tragic in his drawings of Spanish bulls. He has little sense of architectural space. When he paints a moon rising, it is only like a light seen through tissue paper. But he has an impeccable sense of design and a connoisseur's intelligence.

JOHN BERGER

The Dark Not Dark Enough

WHAT a ridiculous, badly written, ill-constructed play *All's Well That Ends Well* is! So one comes away thinking from a production that has misfired. Only piety keeps it in the repertoire, and that piety is surely misplaced. If Shakespeare were not still semi-sacred, and if every production of his plays didn't borrow weight from the whole corpus, no audience of sensible people would solemnly tolerate such rubbish. And, indeed, if we can detach ourselves from the aura which surrounds "Shakespeare," it is the best laugh of the evening that thousands should assemble—and pay!—to pretend not to be bored by it. The story is taken from Boccaccio and, flicking over his pages inattentively on a long winter's evening, one might raise a smile or two for the light tale of a rejected bride following her husband to the wars and taking the place of his mistress in his bed and so stealing what he had refused her on their wedding night. But even so, one would surely turn to the next story, thinking this not one of Boccaccio's best.

The young Shakespeare was far from improving on the theme in his play. The first few scenes are tediously wearisome and dramatically unnecessary, while the process of unwinding the end is long, laboured and obvious. This is the apprentice work, in brief, of an as yet unpractised hand; everything of any value in it is, with the economy of the true artist, used and better used in the poet's later work. I am sorry that it should have fallen to Mr. Noel Willman to produce: I should like to have praised this highly intelligent actor's first Stratford production. But a successful production of *All's Well* would have somehow to spoof us into taking a kinder view of the play as a play. And this one didn't. Personally, I think it is acceptable only as the lightest of light tales, impertinently lighthearted rather than solemn, rattling along with a certain uninhibited salacity, not dragging in a stately measure. And Miss Joyce Redman I should have thought just the actress to take this kind of Helena in her natural stride, which is one of bubble, vivacity and wit. But, since this was not the conception behind this production, she resorted instead to a singsong intoning of the verse which, besides making it difficult to hear her, completely cramped her style, though nothing could dim her charm and its appeal.

Mr. Willman's idea was evidently to see the play as an early adumbration of what the maturer Shakespeare was to develop in *Measure for Measure*—a perfectly arguable notion. But the argument was not followed through. Surely in that case all the "darker" elements should be exaggerated to the same point of the beastly as Edward Atienza's horrible little dwarf clown: instead, in the general prettification of the sets and costumes, this stuck out like a malformed finger. Mr. Mariano Andreu's cumbersome and literal sets are an unhappy return to the illustrational in theatrical design, and the Vandyckish costumes,

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even if they struck the spectators as pretty, nardly helped in defining our mood. The prettification extends to the characters. Mr. Michael Denison, not being set to play Bertram "black," which on this reading might provide an interesting streak, is left with a prize young boor on his hands and could make nothing of him but a few cavalier bows. Parolles, too, in the hands of a natural romantic juvenile, comes out soft. A sardonic droll like Mr. Michael Hordern can do something real with the part: Mr. Keith Michell, naturally enough, gives us only a repertory performance of a funny boaster-coward.

T. C. WORSLEY

Performance and Personality

SHALL we deal with the politicians first? No doubt in normal times it is reasonable enough to see Mr. Butler and Mr. Gaitskell as the Butskell, one of those fabulous compound beasts of which the most famous specimen was the Chesterbelloc. But Budget periods and general elections are not normal times, especially when they more or less coincide, and at such times fission takes place in the creature and the back legs start squaring up, so to speak, to the front legs. Something like this we had on TV last week, when on successive evenings Mr. Robert Mackenzie questioned Mr. Butler and Mr. Gaitskell about Mr. Butler's Budget. My task is to attempt to judge their appearances as television performances, nothing more. And yet performance is not exactly the word. Outside the drama, the feeling that the man in front of the cameras is performing is fatal in television. Performance there must be, but it must be the performance that conceals performance, that seeks simply to put over a sense of personality. In TV the viewer's response to the man on the screen is the simplest of all responses, as simple and as naive as that to the man on the opposite seat in the railway carriage or to one's next-door neighbour in a bar. It is, indeed, the scarcely registered thought we have on such occasions: Is he a nice chap? Do I feel at ease with him?

Looked at in this way, Mr. Butler's and Mr. Gaitskell's appearances made an interesting contrast, and the key to it lay in Mr. Robert Mackenzie's attitude to each in turn. Mr. Mackenzie is an admirable interviewer, and he possesses the considerable advantage of having a very pleasant Canadian accent, which has the effect in such programmes of suggesting that he is not himself personally committed: he is the earnest inquirer from outside who is not emotionally involved but merely concerned in getting at the truth. Now Mr. Mackenzie called Mr. Butler "Sir." Entirely proper, the correct way in which to address the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But if he called Mr. Gaitskell "Sir" I didn't notice it, and Mr. Gaitskell has, after all, been Chancellor. Therein lay the contrast. Mr. Butler was speaking *de haut en bas*. He was talking down to us. If one hadn't known who he was, how would one have typed him? As the headmaster in avuncular mood exposing the nonsense of a clever six-former? A man, certainly, who is automatically addressed as "Sir." Mr. Gaitskell, on the other hand, was as easy as could be; he didn't condescend either to viewers or to Mr. Mackenzie; he was merely having a friendly conversation with his distinguished interviewer.

I record a purely subjective reaction, and since none of us react in quite the same way to any one human being it merely shows how risky it is to attempt an estimate of the political effects of television. There are those who respond to authority: so far as TV is concerned, Mr. Butler will be their man. Yet we are bound, I think, as a beginning at least, to assess TV performances in this way. There was another instance last week: we watched the fiftieth edition of *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?* It has been running for more than two years and its consequences have been considerable. If archæology is now one of the learned subjects with a large public following, *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?* is partly responsible. It is a guessing game: the panel of experts has to identify and date a number of artifacts put before them. Why is it so popular?

It has, of course, some commanding personalities in it. The chairman, Dr. Glyn Daniel, is an exceedingly smooth operator who conducts the programme at a level of fairly civilised light entertainment; I must say I find his manner very agreeable. Then it has Sir Mortimer Wheeler and, very often, Professor Bodkin. These are the "stars." Myself, I react rather badly against them; I find their by-play excessive; in fact, sportive dons are not my favourite dons. This is obviously not the popular reaction. There is, of course, the very real interest the programme has in giving us a glimpse of other people talking "shop," and other people's shop is always fascinating. Yet the secret of its success seems to me to lie in what I can only call the cult of the "boffin." The cult of the "boffin" is a product of the war. It registers a state of amazement, or, rather, of two amazements existing simultaneously. The first is a very ancient one: it is the wonder of Goldsmith's peasants "that one small head could carry all he knew," except that what is carried is knowledge of an utterly outlandish kind, one might say even of a magical order. The other amazement is that the possessor of this small head is a human being like everyone else who behaves, apart from his central mystery, like everyone else. In *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?* we see the boffins being human about their mystery. Its success depends upon the thoroughly naive reaction of viewers. It is, one can't help feeling, a jolly good medium for showoffs. To be fair to it one must remember the more serious archæological programmes associated with it and with some of the members of its panel, Dr. Daniel and Sir Mortimer Wheeler in particular.

In a way, it seems to me those taking part in this quiz programme tend to perform too much; what they'd be like if there were a studio audience doesn't bear contemplation. To be oneself before the cameras, as I am sure Mr. Butler and Mr. Gaitskell were in their very different ways, is probably as difficult a feat as any. It was brought off—or appeared to be brought off—with conspicuous success the other evening by Mr. Orson Welles in the first of his six programmes, *Orson Welles's Sketch Book*. He showed us some of his own drawings but essentially he merely talked, of his first appearance on any stage at the Dublin Gate, and of the difference between being an amateur and a professional. It was delightful. The series should be a real scoop for the B.B.C.

WILLIAM SALTER

Duel of Conscience

"The Prisoner," at the Plaza
"The Constant Husband," at the London Pavilion
"Sawdust and Tinsel" and "Picasso," at the Academy

A serious British film is a rarity, and for the first ten minutes of *The Prisoner* I couldn't keep back the feeling, this won't last. To begin with, there had been a slight misunderstanding. In cardinal's robes Mr. Guinness was celebrating High Mass, and one is so used to Mr. Guinness in a variety of robes or roles that, with police at the door and honest Jack Hawkins behind a pillar (looking for all the world, though, like a ticket-of-leave man), it seemed certain that in a moment solemnity would break. But it didn't; no wry *dénouement* here. With the service concluded Mr. Guinness proceeded out, was arrested at the door, confronted by Mr. Hawkins, and already the interlocking of prisoner and interrogator in some behind-the-curtain Utopia was begun

Of course, I would have known this at once if I'd seen the play, which its author, Bridget Boland, has adapted from the stage. I'd have known, too, of the taut, serious struggle ahead. However, these natural prepossessions of a cinema-goer were quickly disposed of. The Cardinal had been arrested; he is imprisoned, questioned, mentally tortured, and we must face the long, but always tense and affrighting, drama of his "confession." He has been a popular Resistance leader and is now an enemy of the state. He must be broken; and the method of his inquisitor—Mr. Hawkins (you must admit this is off his allotted territory!)—is subtle, cruel, intimate, and over-concerned with conscience.

In the Cardinal he has a hard man to bend; but therein lies the desired weakness. After weeks and months of sleeplessness, dazzle, reiterated probings, suggestions, the plunge into darkness and nightmare, a weak point is found. The prisoner is confronted with his mother, apparently dead; he shows rather less grief than might be expected, and, when told that she lives but is anæsthetised and doomed for the laboratories, his secret comes out. He has never loved her, for good enough reason; and then, bit by bit, comes the real discovery that his love of God is a mask for ambition. The trial is at once staged; in a new-found humility the Cardinal "confesses" to anything; and then his interrogator finds that he himself, by the very devotion of his method, has become infected with pity and love.

This is a nice, necessary reversal, even if we feel—as we may with any contemporary drama so weighted—that the end is the least satisfactory part. But how better, than with the torturer tortured and the dignitary freed to a new penance, *could* it end? I have no complaints on this score myself; and I wish that in the matter of ends others—Mr. Asquith in *Young Lovers* and Mr. Graham Greene on several occasions—had shown as much integrity. *The Prisoner* remains true to its lights; and as films go—and British films in particular—those lights are as welcome as they are rare. The only other character of importance in this duel of wills and consciences is the warder, grave-digger-from-Hamlet type, excellently played by Mr. Wilfrid Lawson. I've no doubt the play is at least as good as the film; but in the matter of film presentation, a young stage director, Mr. Peter Glenville, has begun very well indeed.

A second praiseworthy British effort in the same week? It may sound unlikely, but here it is. Mr. Gilliat's *The Constant Husband* is the kind of film we do best—if we'd ever do it. This is the lighthearted revelation of a bigamist, who wakes up in weirdest Wales with a lost memory, and in trying to find out who he is discovers as many wives as there are days of the week. Mr. Rex Harrison plays the rewarding part of this hunted polygamist, and his air of quizzical dissipation is well matched by an inventive script and moments of pure pleasure. Mr. Harrison's discovery of a cloakroom ticket for a trunk, his raising of the lid to find a military uniform with many decorations, and below it a naval uniform as gloriously dignified, is but one of many progressive joys. This is certainly our best fling since *Genevieve*; but those who refer back to *Kind Hearts and Coronets* must be thinking more of what Mr. Gilliat owes to that masterpiece and less of comparative merits.

In the Academy programme there is a Swedish circus film, remarkable as so many Swedish films seem to be for fine photography, low loves, hints of nakedness, heat-wave frenzies in the mind—all rather harking back to Ufa. *Sawdust and Tinsel* isn't my kind of film; but in the same programme is Luciano Emmer's *Picasso*, which adds notably to the screen interpretation of a couple of years ago by Paul Haeserts, especially in its understanding of a tortured sensibility. Perhaps Emmer underestimates the mischief also at work. But here is a devoted, penetrating, lucid presentation of the Master in his various periods; and finally, and nobly, in the great War and Peace sketched on a chapel wall as briskly as an impression in a music-hall.

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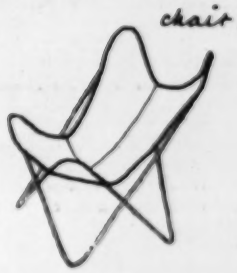

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ON THE EVE OF THE GENERAL ELECTION

Often the best view of a political organization can be had from outside it, and so Picture Post has invited Wilfred Fienburgh, Labour member for North Islington, to write about the Conservatives, and Ted Leather, Tory member for North Somerset, to discuss Labour.

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Correspondence

THE UNREPORTED STRIKE

SIR,—It seems to me that you have missed the point about the newspaper strike and the considerable issues concerning free discussion which were raised by it. You claim that the absence of newspapers was received by the public with "cynicism" and "a shrug of the shoulders." So far at least there is no proof of this claim. No statistics are available to prove how the public really felt. The general increase in newspaper sales over recent years tends to back the opposite conclusion. And if newspapers now recover their pre-strike sales, are we to conclude that the whole of your case falls to the ground?

No doubt the popular newspapers commit many crimes and follies. Most of them at one time or another have offended grievously against the rights of privacy and in recent years Fleet Street has engaged in a miserable competition in the arts of pornography. However, I would have thought that one of the most interesting aspects of the strike was that it proved the indispensable value of the popular newspapers despite all their shortcomings. Indeed, you yourself seem to prove this case in another part of your article. For you say: "Less is revealed about newspapers than about other industries, because it is usually through newspapers that we know what is wrong with the others."

Surely it is true that it is from the newspapers that we learn what is wrong with our various industries more than from any other medium. The same applies to almost every field of our national life. Despite the tendency towards monopoly control by the national newspapers, despite their triviality, and despite all their other defects, it remains true that without them it is scarcely possible for any effective protest to be made against wrongdoing. It is now abundantly plain that no such protest is ever likely to be effective through the news purveyed on the B.B.C. And, as you yourselves noted in a previous issue of the NEW STATESMAN, the loss is not made good by the continued publication of such newspapers as the *Manchester Guardian*. Absence of competition among newspapers produces an anæmia in those that still exist. Is there anyone who honestly believes that the political affairs of the nation are more knowledgeably debated when the popular press is suppressed? Even the titbits and distortions which get through the sieve are better than no knowledge at all about the events behind the scenes. The real profiteers in the absence of newspapers would be those in authority—governments, bureaucrats, judges and juries—who would be doing their work in the dark. It really would be paradoxical if the newspaper strike had proved that the long battle to make these persons work in the open had been vain.

An example of the mistaken verdict which it seems you have passed is provided by your comment on the strike itself. You call it "The Unreported Strike" and question how much the public may be allowed to know about the affairs of the newspaper industry even now when the veil has been lifted for a moment. No one can dispute the judgment that the newspapers have been much too cowardly in discussing their own affairs. But the facts speak for themselves. While many newspapers maintained their tradition of cowardice, others spoke out with commendable bravery. For instance, the *Daily Telegraph* reported the issues involved in the strike in the utmost detail and many others printed more than you prophesied was likely. The public learnt more about the strike from the newspapers on the day they restarted publication than ever they could have discovered from listening to the B.B.C.

A multitude of reforms are required in the British press to make it something of which every journalist can be proud. Journalists ought to be outspoken in demanding these reforms, and newspapers which seek to maintain decent standards should be much more courageous in attacking the methods which degrade the profession. But certainly the worst way to go about this task is to pretend that democracy can be sustained without the printed word. The death or suppression of almost any newspaper is not something to be accepted with a shrug of the shoulders by anyone who believes in freedom. The suppression of a large number of newspapers is a matter of the utmost seriousness. I don't know the solution to the problem. But there is a real danger that the strike situation may be repeated, and if freedom is to be preserved a solution must be found.

MICHAEL FOOT

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THE "DAILY WORKER"

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Malcolm MacEwen's spiteful letter in your issue of April 16, as far as the Newspaper Proprietors Association is concerned it should be clearly understood that the action of the London Typographical Society to which reference is made was without the prior knowledge or the subsequent approval of the N.P.A.

The *Daily Worker*, although not a member of this Association, enjoys a good many of the facilities for which its members contribute very substantially. It uses the N.P.A. special newspaper trains; it shares in joint transport arrangements organised through the Association, and it receives a service of information on matters of common interest. The *Daily Worker* also obtains certain other essential newspaper services for payments very much less than those made by N.P.A. members.

Mr. Malcolm MacEwen suggests that the *Daily Worker* has survived despite its being denied normal facilities given to other newspapers. The truth probably is that it has survived because of being granted them without the corresponding financial liabilities borne by N.P.A. members.

The Newspaper Proprietors Association Ltd. BERNARD ALTON *Secretary*

FRANCE AND NORTH AFRICA

SIR,—Your Correspondent's article on French North Africa is, as you say, readable. I doubt, however, from my own observation whether it gives a balanced or a fair picture. It is true that at one end of the scale there are French *colons* whose policy is a simple one of repression. They are the men of Vichy who now have their tails up again. But at the other end—and your Correspondent pays little attention to this—are the Arab gunmen, nostalgic for the Mullah and Medina, whose aim is the revival of a medieval and obscurantist despotism. They hate liberal Frenchmen as intensely as they hate the *colons*.

It is true that the Arab population of North Africa has swollen enormously in the last ten years, a fact that has brought new problems. But is it a reproach to the French that by sanitation, hygiene, medicine and a general improvement in living standards they have made it possible for Arabs to live longer?

It is true that there are, in Casablanca, speculators and slums of a most repulsive kind. But did your Correspondent go inland, and meet the Civil Administrators and Officers *Affaires Indigènes* who have made such great contributions to progress in Morocco? Did he see the barrages, the former wastelands now irrigated and made fertile, the drained swamps, the hospitals, the schools (boycotted by the Istiqlal), the new housing estates?

Those are contributions made by enlightened Frenchmen to the prosperity of North Africa, and are the justification of their presence. I do not think the time is far distant when the Labour Movement will recognise that to oppose colonialism need not mean that one must support reactionary nationalism; and that the way to true aid for undeveloped territories lies not in the expulsion of their developers but rather in functional co-operation as partners between former colonial Powers and former colonial peoples.

House of Commons. MAURICE EDELMAN

BILLY GRAHAM

SIR,—Mr. J. B. Priestley in his article "Thoughts in the Wilderness" is trying to explain the astonishing success of Billy Graham, and dismisses it in the end as just a show which does no great harm and no great good.

Many Christian people for a number of years who have been concerned for the moral decline of this country have been praying for just such a spiritual awakening as we are now seeing through the Billy Graham Campaigns. The amount of prayer that has been at the back of this great crusade is quite amazing, and if we believe that God answers prayer, then here is His answer in the many lives that have been completely changed. Dr. Graham, of course, is an orator, but the power of his message is the result of much prayer backing on the part of Christians all over the world.

As regards the set-up and the elaborately planned and organised publicity which make it all rather showy, isn't it about time that Christians showed the world that religion is up to date, and not old-fashioned and behind the times as some people say? Why should a Campaign like this be lukewarm in its organisation? Even in matters of sport or politics people are not attracted if a thing is done in a half-hearted fashion. In this case they may perhaps be attracted by the show, but they hear the Gospel preached in power and they are set thinking.

Mr. Priestley says he does not believe that people are hungering for religion, but I believe that people are hungry these days. They realise that their security does not lie in the things of this world with all its uncertainties and dangers, and many are searching consciously or unconsciously for a firm foundation for their lives. This Billy Graham is giving them in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

34 Church Lane, Birmingham, 20. S. A. GOODE

SIR,—Mr. J. B. Priestley, comparing what he calls "an astonishing triumph" by Billy Graham with the "almost complete failure" of Aimée Macpherson years ago, and asking what are the reasons for the difference, shares the blindness shown by most press writers on our American visitor. He writes as if filling Harringay Arena and Wembley Stadium last year, and Kelvin Hall this, establishes Billy Graham's "Crusades" as successful. It does nothing of the kind. The only success possible for these efforts would have been to fill the churches of England and Scotland with new Christians. He

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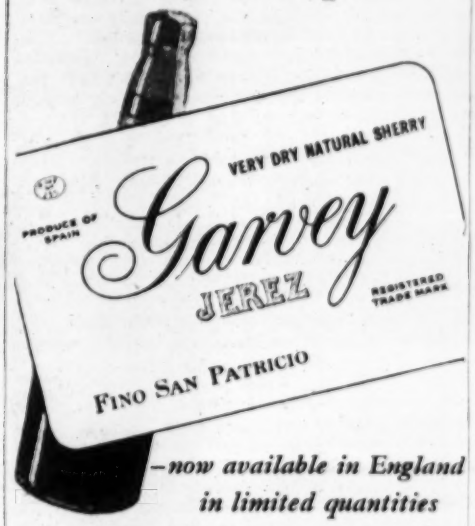

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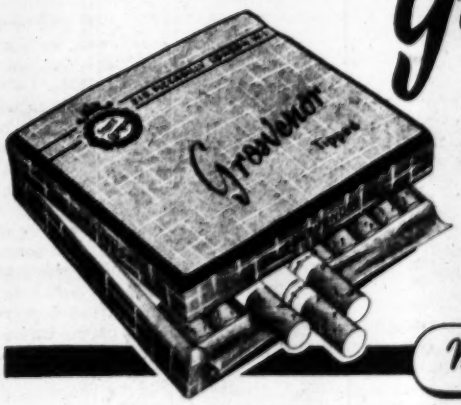

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P. VICTOR MORRIS,
Secretary.
National Secular Society,
41 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

D. H. LAWRENCE

SIR,—I would like to register a protest against the journalistic pretence of a reassessment of D. H. Lawrence in your issue for April 23. It may, perhaps, seem impertinent to take Mr. Muggeridge to task for his style, but I presume that more than one reader must have boggled at the nonsequiturs of thought and the flashy journalese ("like walking over a spring-time meadow with a pretty girl . . . ", "salvation through fornication" and so on) which characterise it. These, together with the usual quick transitions back and forth between the man and his books—a sure way of avoiding any assessment by objective literary criteria—only develop, of course, a basic theme which in itself is a mere assertion.

I doubt myself whether "most discerning readers would agree" that Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* is his best book. But Mr. Muggeridge is so keen on the idea that, after *Sons and Lovers*, he can only see Lawrence's development as a progressive deterioration. He then goes through the motions we have come to expect (sex-obsession, snobbery and personal denigration) to convince us of the fact. Having done this at great length, he trots out the "genius" at the end—again sticking to the acknowledged formula. His "but" (vide Mr. Aldington) is such a large one, the genius cannot appear other than totally ineffectual. Furthermore, one does not doubt that the political stock-response encouraged by "like the Nazis" and the *Mein Kampf* reference will have safely insulated the gullible against taking Lawrence seriously.

Together with Mr. Muggeridge's journalese go his easy generalities. One wonders if it is plain insensibility or simply ignorance that will persist in seeing Lawrence's work as merely variations on "his own exclusive story" from *Sons and Lovers* onwards. Mr. Muggeridge's generalisation blinds him to the kind of objectivity which comes into Lawrence's work with those two great books *The Rainbow* and *The Lost Girl* and which is present in *St. Mawr*. In all these significant works Lawrence deals, not with "his own exclusive story" but the problems of his time as they affect a woman. The generalisation of "obsession with sex" again is too easy. Sex in the novels is merely the touchstone for the completeness of "the whole man alive." As for "imagined ecstacies of the flesh," I should have thought that *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, and *Phœnix* contained enough warning about "ecstacy" to make it perfectly clear that *that* wasn't what Lawrence was talking about. But Mr. Muggeridge feels Lawrence's sentences as "a phosphorescent glow." As for class, if Mr. Muggeridge knew his *Daughters of the Vicar*, he would perhaps hesitate to print such simplifications of Lawrence's point of view.

I am sorry for Mr. Muggeridge if he finds the scene he instances from *Lady Chatterley's Lover* to be unequalled "as farce." But the editor of *Punch* will, no doubt, have his joke.

CHARLES TOMLINSON

Vention, Georgeham,
North Devon.

SIR,—The judgment that *Sons and Lovers* is Lawrence's best book is, coming from a serious critic, astounding. Who are Mr. Muggeridge's "discerning readers," one wonders? I recently spent four years at Cambridge and met many readers who struck me as discerning, both graduates and undergraduates. Most of them had read Lawrence, with varying reactions, but not once did I come across the suggestion that this is his best book, or even among his best three. It is too personal and too vaguely constructed to be a really great novel. In *The Rainbow* Lawrence found a new objectivity and a power of construction on a huge scale that suggests comparison with Tolstoy; in *Women in Love* he completed his escape from the bounds of "realism" in the narrow sense and explored worlds previously untouched in literature with characteristic fearlessness and honesty.

Lawrence's reasons for rejecting the "common people" are made clear in many novels, but particularly so in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Mellors is presented throughout as an exceptional case for the same reasons—there is no question of snobbishness. Lawrence was at least equally critical of the upper and middle classes. He had the courage to put himself outside contemporary civilisation and hence he was able to condemn it utterly, yet from a strongly positive viewpoint. Here lies his superiority as a modern moralist to T. S. Eliot—so much a part of that civilisation that he can only bewail its fall.

There is something peculiarly distasteful in Mr. Muggeridge's sniggerings at Lawrence's attitude to sex. He is so ludicrously out of his depth. Is smoking-room reaction really a sound or relevant criterion? He sees one of the most beautiful love scenes in literature as farce. Nothing is easier to sneer at than complete frankness, for we are all a little afraid of it.

ROBIN P. WOOD

Caldicott School,
Farnham Royal, Bucks.

SIR,—While he allows that *Sons and Lovers* "presents the pattern of the age," Mr. Muggeridge curiously derides "Lawrence's obsession with class." For surely class consciousness, as demonstrated in the works of Galsworthy, Bennett, and Wells, was a dominant *motif* in the pattern of the Edwardian age. Lawrence's class consciousness caused him to transpose the characters of *The White Peacock* to an upper middle-class background from the lower middle-class environment to which they belonged, but he did not repeat the error in *Sons and Lovers*, which—as appears in the Aldington and Moore biographies—was remarkably faithful to autobiographical fact.

If Mr. Muggeridge seriously supposes that nobody outside the schoolboy stories of Mr. Frank Richards called their mothers "mater," he might refer to contemporary volumes of the periodical he himself now edits; alternatively he will find that Arnold Bennett in his Journals habitually called his mother "Mater" or "the Mater." Only under protest and at Clara's particular request does Paul Morel wear evening dress to take her to the Nottingham theatre. Normally he would have dressed in his Sunday suit for seats in the "pit stalls"; he was venturing "above himself" in booking for the "dress circle."

Though he recalls the sense of "freshness"—"of inward glow"—derived from reading Lawrence in youth, Mr. Muggeridge "in middle age" finds that Paul Morel's sex life "just cannot be taken seriously." Is he not confessing that he has forgotten too much of youthful emotion? The humourless egoism of youth always seems absurd in the light of mature experience, but the combination of sensual passion with sensitive fastidiousness is not uncommon in romantic young men. In his study of Ruskin, Mr. Peter Quennell remarks that "Ruskin and the author of *Sons and Lovers* often reveal an unexpected kinship," and Paul Morel in his "test on Miriam" suffered similar frustration to Ruskin's with "his wholly inexperienced bedfellow" Effie Gray. Like Paul Morel, Lawrence found "sexual fulfilment" with an experienced married woman, and so escaped from the torment of frustration described in his early poems.

MALCOLM ELWIN

Christ Church,
Oxford.

EMINENT VICTORIANS

SIR,—In your last issue Mr. Binns, commenting on John Raymond's brilliant article on *Eminent Victorians*, exposes Strachey's "downright falsehood" that Cardinal Manning forgot and was glad to forget his dead wife. He mentions a locket of his wife's hair which Manning gave to an "ecclesiastic" on his death bed, as proof of her continued remembrance. Mr. Binns is right in his assertion that Cardinal Manning remained devoted to his wife's memory. The point was brought out by Shane Leslie in his biography of the Cardinal, published some years after *Eminent Victorians* and which did much to correct the malicious distortion of Manning's character contained in Purcell's two-volume life which Strachey used as a source book. "The locket" is, however, a figment of Mr. Binns' errant memory. In a contribution to *The Times Literary Supplement* of the 24th of March, 1921, on the publication of Shane Leslie's book, Baron Von Hugel revealed a conversation with Cardinal Vaughan. "You know," said Cardinal Vaughan, "what we all thought about the Cardinal and Mrs. Manning. Well this is what happened shortly before his death. I was by his bedside; he looked around to see that we were alone; he fumbled under his pillow for something; he drew out a battered little pocket book full of a woman's fine handwriting. He said: 'For years you have been a son to me, Herbert; I know not to whom else to leave this—I leave it to you. Into this little book my dearest wife wrote her prayers and meditations. Not a day has passed, since her death, on which I have not prayed and meditated from this book. All the good I may have done, all the good I may have been, I owe to her. Take precious care of it.' He ceased speaking and soon afterwards unconsciousness came on."

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From the Editor . . . . .

The net sale of this journal has grown apace, particularly in the past fifteen years, and is now well ahead of that of any comparable periodical in this country. As a result of this rapid growth I feel the need to be better informed about the likes and dislikes of our present readers as regards the features and general contents of the paper. We are certainly read by people of many types, classes and income groups all over the world, and if I were more closely familiar with your particular interests it would be most helpful to me in planning and deciding on what changes could be made in the paper with advantage.

This questionnaire has therefore been prepared in the hope that a substantial number of our readers will give us some information about who they are and what they like. If for any reason you prefer not to answer a question, just leave it blank. Similarly, if you prefer not to add your name and address, we would rather have your information anonymously than not at all.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

A Pillar in the Cloud

THE great man who is dead was more a prophet than a poet; more a poet than a dramatist; in his late years a vociferous, dogmatic old zealot, turning the moral creditors of the Left, with rhymed abuse, off his estate:

Robespierre, Lénine et les autres, Calvin, ils n'ont pas épuisé tous les trésors de la rage et de la haine!
Voltaire, Renan et Marx, pas encore ils n'ont touché le fond de la bêtise humaine!

Zeal, prophesy, castigation are not, however, congenial to the intellectual Right, which likes cynical prose, Byzantine verse, the unanswerable and impregnable. Paul Claudel was not a man of the Right in the sense that he loved the *status quo* or desired a return to the *ancien régime*. He had a powerful historical imagination, lit, not by any political theory, but by the concept of the Communion of Saints. He was —and this set him apart from other Catholic writers of our time—a Counter-reformation Catholic. Where many Catholic intellectuals today try to recapture something of the largeness and generosity of the Mediæval Church, to think and feel as if neither Reformation nor Counter-reformation had happened, Claudel thought and felt as a Catholic warrior, an old heretic-fighter, a man not of the thirteenth but of the seventeenth century. By no accident, it is a Jesuit who speaks the prologue, and defines the rules, of Claudel's most ambitious play, *Le Soulier de satin*.

The Spanish War of 1936-9 was, for Claudel, primarily a great new chapter in the Counter-reformation. Where other Catholics—Mauriac, Bernanos, Maritain—were troubled by the crimes of those who took "the Catholic side," Claudel preferred to sing the glory of his own side and the crimes of the other:

Quarante secondes c'est trop! sœur Espagne, sainte Espagne, tu as choisi!
Onze évêques, seize mille prêtres massacrés et pas une apostasie!

Reading *Aux Martyrs Espagnols* and certain other "political" poems, one might fancy that for Claudel, as for so many others, history was no more than a grandiose game of cowboys-and-Indians. But the passionate partisanship of the occasional poems, real as it is, is only a surface, a result. The depth is in the historical trilogy, *L'Otage*, *Le Pain Dur*, *Le Père Humilié*; in the vast charade, *Le Soulier de satin*; in the obscure myths *Tête d'Or* and *La Ville* and in that drama of spiritual economy *L'Echange*.

The key to this literature is acceptance; not passive resignation but joyful acceptance, despising what is less than total. History is—as Léon Bloy taught—the crucifixion, and the art of this dramatist was to make us conscious, through the crucifixion, of the redemption also, in history and in certain chosen lives. The plays are full of pain and mockery and triumph, expressed in the buoyant recurrent paradoxes of one whose imagination is divided between two orders of reality. All the Claudelian lovers—Prouhèze and Rodrigue, Mésa and Ysé, Pensée and Orian —are destined for each other, and to be thwarted. This thwarting of predestined lovers is the "Beatrice" phenomenon which Dr. Ernest Beaumont has described*; the reference to Dante is less helpful than the connection, which Dr. Beaumont also makes, with *l'amour courtois*. These lovers are literally star-crossed, destined in the mysterious order of the universe to represent for each other the cross of salvation:

Salut, grande Nuit de la Foi, infaillible Cité astronomique!
C'est la Nuit et non pas le brouillard qui est la patrie d'un Catholique!

The whole Claudelian drama takes place under this participating sky, serene and even smiling, over human suffering. There is a total absence of human pity in the famous words of the Moon to Prouhèze:

Sœur pourquoi pleures-tu? N'est-ce point ta nuit nuptiale aujourd'hui? Regarde le ciel et la terre illuminés! Et où donc pensais-tu la passer avec Rodrigue ailleurs que sur la croix?

Prouhèze, of course, is saved and therefore, we are meant to feel, celestial sympathy would be out of place. The weakness in this, and of much else in these plays, is that Claudel was not God. Claudel's Moon sounds not like the voice of God, but like a demented Reverend Mother; it is a dramatic effect, but hardly what was intended. The absolutism of the priests, saints, Popes and heavenly bodies who appear in the plays chills us, not by its theology, but by what it contains of ordinary human arrogance and a certain gusto in taking extreme attitudes about suffering. "Dressing-up" and cruelty have long historic associations and there is a great deal of both in *Le Soulier de satin*. "Give a man a mask and he will tell you the truth," said Wilde; "Give a man a mask and he will give you hell" is more applicable here.

A seemingly cruel extremism rules also the most dramatic of Claudel's works, *L'Otage*. This play is set in Napoleonic France; the Pope has been kidnapped, then rescued, and is again in danger. Sygne de Coûfontaine, a noble-woman orphaned by the Revolution, is told by the priest-Badilon that in order to save the Pope she must accept in marriage the cynical ex-revolutionary and murderer of her people, the prefect Turelure. Sygne assents, death in her soul, breaking faith with her cousin Georges de Coûfontaine, a Royalist officer, and bringing death on them both in the end. *"Hélas!"*, cries the priest Badilon, *"je n'avais qu'un seul enfant et voilà qu'on me l'a égorgé!"* The sacrifice demanded by Badilon has long embarrassed and annoyed Catholic critics. "Sacerdotal idolatry," said Péguy, and that in effect is also the judgment of Dr. Joseph Chiari in his new assessment of Claudel's poetic drama†: "the priest's arrogant dogmatism in compelling her to this most inhuman sacrifice appears to us as repellent and unacceptable on the Christian plane." One may share this indignation and yet consider that after all there may be more than one "Christian plane." There is, I think, an element of symbolism in *L'Otage*, and this, if felt, makes Sygne's sacrifice more moving and less incomprehensible.

When *L'Otage* appeared in 1909, the Papal policy of the *Ralliement*—the acceptance by French Catholics of the Republic—was nearly twenty years old, but there were many Frenchmen to whom the words of the Encyclical *Inter multiplices sollicitudines* still sounded not less outrageous than the words of the priest Badilon urging marriage with Turelure, *le boucher de 93 tout couvert du sang des miens*. There were many Frenchmen also who felt the *Ralliement* to be a personal betrayal, as Georges de Coûfontaine felt the marriage of Sygne. Nor was this just an abstract historical situation; Claudel himself was professionally involved. Sygne wedded Turelure, *l'homme du possible*; and was not Paul Claudel to be Ambassador of the Third Republic? These tensions, aggravated by the dramatist's need of an extreme situation helped, I believe, to produce the fanatical rigidity of *L'Otage*, the vertigo of the sublime:

Les choses grandes et inouies, notre cœur est tel qu'il ne peut y résister.

The words of Sygne are true for Claudel himself, as a dramatist; the difficulty for his critics—a difficulty not overcome by Dr. Chiari or Dr. Beaumont—is to discriminate: to know when it is relevant to discuss a situation literally in terms of Christian doctrine, and when one is in the realm of things that are irresistible, simply because great and astonishing. The difficulty, we may suspect, existed also for the prophet-dramatist himself whenever he created characters who allowed themselves to sound like mouthpieces of God.

Presumption, the central defect of Claudel's work, is the product of a firm faith and an undisciplined power of projection. It is, therefore, the besetting sin of the Christian dramatist. But the aberrancies of faith illuminate the imagination; confidence among mysteries and equanimity in the presence of suffering permit distinction of style. There is room to be great and room also to make a great fool of oneself; Claudel took advantage of both.

Yet, it would be wrong to think of the dramatist's faith as only stimulus or armour; it is the drama itself, it is history, it is human relations. For Claudel, the significance of our lives is recorded by a vast system of double-entry book-keeping, in the two orders of reality; the poet and historian attempt to reconstruct a section of the great accountancy. The drama itself, therefore, irrespective of any religious content, and simply as an expression of human interaction, is inescapably religious, in so far as it is faithful to life itself. The Biblical undertones in Claudel's writings belong to this total concept, tinged by presumption. Properly understood all history is Sacred History; what is true in all writing is Holy Scripture; the physical market is an expression of the Divine Economy.

Comme l'or est le signe de la marchandise, la marchandise aussi est un signe,
Du besoin qui l'appelle, de l'effort qui la crée
Et ce que tu nommes échange, je la nomme communion.

* *The Theme of Beatrice in the Plays of Claudel.* By ERNEST BEAUMONT. *Rockliff.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

† *The Poetic Drama of Paul Claudel.* By JOSEPH CHIARI. *Harvill Press.* 15*s.*

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General Editor

CLEMENCE DANE

MICHAEL JOSEPH

That fishy millionaire, Thomas Pollock Nageoire, in *L'Echange* offers Louis Laine money in exchange for his wife; Louis accepts and proves to have bought his own death; as for the millionaire, he finds that he has bought, not Marthe, but his own soul. (Curiously, Dr. Chiari in his otherwise full summary of this play omits the essential transaction—which gives the play its title—although he later quotes a relevant letter from Claudel.) The idea of money as a means by which the supernatural interpenetrates the natural order—"eucharistic money"—belongs also to Léon Bloy, but in Bloy the debtor on earth is the creditor in Heaven, and a most vindictive creditor he is. In Claudel, the millionaire gets value for his money, even though it is not the value he expects. What the two writers, as writers, have in common is a self-coherent formula wherewith they can revive in us the unappeasable conviction that our actions are not less but more important than they seem.

He prophesied in long irregular lines of exalted everyday speech; with *élan* unpredictably checked in mid-air by peasant shrewdness and mockery; sometimes with a word thrown accurately and cruelly, like a stone at a cat. Often enough the responses "Biblical" and "inspiration" seemed too complacently expected, but almost always—except in certain State odes and certain work of his extreme old age—a sting of precision, a whip-back in the line, would restore the sense of an identity amid so much conviction, a pillar in the cloud. So, with a shade of difference, Prince Wronsky, the doomed Polish exile in *Le Père Humilié*, thinks of Rome:

> *Voilà ce qu'est Rome pour moi, quelque chose de solennel et de sous-entendu, la majesté en silence de quelque chose où nous sommes, qui n'est pas de nous et qui ne dépend pas de nous.*
>
> *Et l'on sent que si l'on rouvre les yeux, ce ne sera pas pour se voir emporté les pieds en l'air par le tintamarre d'une rue comme une eau de moulin, une furibonde et vaine bousculade de morceaux coloriés qui sont les voitures et les passants fracassés contre les glaces des boutiques.*
>
> *Mais ce qui s'offre au regard, c'est une colonne de porphyre entourée d'une guirlande d'or qui s'élève parmi la fumée des sacrifices.*

To a Puritan, especially with sacrificial smoke in his eyes, the contrast between a *vaine bousculade* and a gold-garlanded porphyry column will seem less than perfect. But plays are not for Puritans; certainly not plays from that side of French Catholicism that looks towards Spain.

DONAT O'DONNELL

The Ruins of Rome

Stranger in Rome, seeking abroad for Rome,
"The peoples fable and the spoyle of all,"
Confound it, man, the Goth has just gone home.
Between these fountains or against this wall
Th' earth's new giant brood, the American,
Has had his thirty thousand lire broad;
And animal kingdom's promontory man
(For so long thought an isthmus) has explored
His hinterland. Yes, under such a sky,
We need dark glasses to endure the day,
And strength to crumble daylight Rome away.
How literary are we, you and I?
Can we build ruins, walk the seas today
To old Atlantis in its new decay?

DONALD DAVIE

For the Highlands With Love and Anger

West Highland Survey. Edited by FRASER DARLING. *Oxford.* 30*s*.

There are about two hundred and eighty thousand people in the seven crofting counties of Scotland, some five thousand less than even three years ago, and that in spite of the fact that all the larger towns and villages have grown. In the smaller area of the *West Highland Survey*, which leaves out the north-east, the Orkneys and Shetlands, there were only 119,000 in 1951, when it was finished. There must be considerably less now. Do 119,000 people matter? We wouldn't miss them out of London. But then, we wouldn't miss 99 per cent. of the strangers in Oxford Street, whereas if we lived in Borvas or Achiltibuie we would miss them just terribly, if Chrissie's Ina or Black Murdo were to leave the township and go south.

The reason these few thousand people do matter is because they constitute a civilisation. We can, if we like, call it a sub-culture of the main west European civilisation, since these people buy the same tins and listen to many of the same programmes as the rest of Great Britain. Without this civilisation of the old Gaeltachd the world would be a slightly different, perhaps a poorer place. At present, like most small civilisations, it is in danger, partly from the blind forces of advertisement—both straight capitalist and of State origin—which we call progress, and partly through well-meaning ignorance. This formidable, disconcerting and accurate book should dispel most of the ignorance for those who are willing to learn from it.

All cultures are a matter of secrets. There aren't supposed to be secrets, of course; they are only what everybody knows, except the ones who don't. People from outside walk on the secrets; the trap springs, the heart shuts. But Fraser Darling is inside.

> Secrets and devilment
> In the shut heart of the Highlands,
> Laughter and devilment—

He knows what's up; he can point out, in justified anger, where things have gone wrong and why; that is his duty as an anthropologist. But it is also his right as someone who has used his own brains and his own muscles on the Highland problem with the Highland equipment. His fellow anthropologists on the Survey were mostly Gaelic-speaking Highlanders who knew the best and the worst of their fellows. For the reader who wants to know something in general about the Highlands, the long chapter on the social situation is most valuable. It explains both the individualism and the underlying possibilities of co-operation, fundamental in the Highland culture as it used to be before the impact of money, when there had to be a boat's crew and, beyond that, enough young men to make work go gaily and rhythmically at building a house or cutting peats or ploughing a hillside. Being together to do a thing which was part of life, among scenery of incredible beauty—was that the same as the work for another's profit that a man has to get paid for? Yet nowadays there is the alternative in Lewis, say, of working a semi-automatic Hattersley loom by oneself in a dark shed, with yarn that is given out by the Stornoway mills and must go back to them as cloth, and getting a pound a day for it. Is a man to miss two or three weeks of that, to be cutting peats? Immediately he thinks in terms of what his day is worth in money. Yet he is bound to think about money and whether it is better to be employed or to employ oneself, because of the insurance stamps which are part of a system that was designed for the vast majority of the inhabitants of the British Isles, who live in industrial conditions.

I am glad that Fraser Darling speaks out against the fanatic fringe of the Presbyterian Church, which has so much power in the islands

and has done such harm. There will be laughter from those in the secret here. He speaks also, and with authority, of lairds and ways of factoring. Above all, he speaks of the land itself. It is in the main poor and difficult land, yet some of the worst depopulation has taken place from land which is relatively good, like Mull. Here a variety of things have gone wrong, too many sheep, too few cattle, unchecked spread of bracken, communications getting worse and people unable to feel—as they do still in the comparatively barren Hebrides—that they are sufficient for themselves. The whole crofting system has broken down here, as it has in Islay, another island with potentially good land, which might be supplying early vegetables and fruit to Glasgow, if this could be organised against the powerful and heavily capitalised organisation of such places as Jersey, France and southern England.

Yet is not this a challenge and a chance for re-population? A chance for the new Crofting Commission? There are small areas of possible land here and there, and crofting agriculture could be developed so that in some places it might even be genuinely self-supporting; though another occupation is usually needed which will fit in with crofting, at least for some members of the family. The obvious one is forestry, and Fraser Darling's proposals, which seemed revolutionary even a few years ago, are now almost entirely accepted; though the Forestry Commission still has to persuade the Treasury to allow it to spend some money on woodland which cannot be an entirely economic prospect, but will be the means of keeping people in a township, as well as of improving the land. All that Fraser Darling says about woodland is most stimulating, and so is his discussion on swards and cattle. But I cannot quite agree about the bad effect of muir-burn. I went straight out to look at some of my own burning, where after two to three years there is a nice growth of short heather and ling; on the other hand, it is not overgrazed by sheep.

That is the kind of book it is: a thorough piece of ecological research, backed by tables and graphs, essential for anyone thinking about the Highlands: but at the same time so vivid that one has to rush out to verify it on the spot for oneself.

NAOMI MITCHISON

Poetic Remains

The Manuscript Poems of A. E. Housman. Edited by TOM BURNS HABER. *Oxford: Minnesota University Press.* 25*s.*

Three weeks after Stevenson died in Samoa—and thirty years before he composed his own funeral hymn—A. E. Housman published some verses on R.L.S. in the *Academy*. Housman's poetry is shot through with Stevensonian echoes: and this publication establishes a further link between these two accomplished minor poets, in a common misfortune over the treatment of their poetic remains.

Stevenson left a number of notebooks, containing manuscripts both of published and unpublished work, which were sold after his wife's death in 1914. The bulk of them came into the hands of a Chicago magnate, F. S. Peabody, who re-bound some of the notebooks whole and dismembered others, taking a few sheets and binding them into new volumes. Thus one group of numbered poems in Scots, originally contained in one notebook, appeared at the 1949 sale of the Peabody collection as three different volumes, elaborately bound in morocco, with each poem accompanied by a typed transcript. These transcripts were full of simple mistakes—words left out, names misspelt; most of the mistakes were perpetuated when the Bibliophile Society of Boston printed the unpublished poems in a limited edition; there was a fine crop of new errors when a general edition appeared in 1918, and a few more in the Vailima edition of 1922. Perhaps the most

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FABER & FABER

extreme was the incorporation of Stevenson's pencilled comments on a poem into its printed text.

Stevenson, though he had no high opinion of his poetic gift, was a most careful craftsman in verse, and was meticulous about the selection and presentation of his poems. He did not deserve to have his discarded juvenilia, his bosh shots, his try-outs, flung at the public in this unscholarly muddle. But it was a misfortune that he had done little to guard against, for he left no instructions about posthumous publication, merely bequeathing manuscripts and royalties to his wife for her lifetime, and then to his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne. He could not foresee that collectors would make a fool of him by turning his discarded scraps into marketable properties, nor that his stepson, by writing an approving foreword, would condone the shabby editing, or lack of editing, of such a volume as the 1918 *New Poems*.

A. E. Housman was more wary. He bequeathed his notebooks and manuscripts to his brother Laurence:

> And I permit him but do not enjoin him to select from my verse manuscript writing, and to publish, any poems which appear to him to be completed and to be not inferior to the average of my published poems; and I direct him to destroy all other poems and fragments of verse.

Laurence Housman exercised the permission to print further poems (in *More Poems*, and a further few in his Memoir of his brother) but in the circumstances was only able partially to fulfil his brother's injunction to destroy the rest. He tore out of the notebooks, and destroyed, pages containing nothing but "contraband" material, as Professor Haber aptly calls it, but preserved the pages with poems which had been published (to which the injunction therefore did not apply) even though these also contained "contraband." If the contraband lines were on the same side as the legitimate, they were either cut out, or cancelled in ink or pencil; if they were on the reverse side of a page with legitimate material, they were made inaccessible by mounting the page on a new sheet. Inaccessible—but not invisible, because the writing on the verso side showed through many of the pages; and certainly not, as A. E. Housman had directed, destroyed.

New "books", in Professor Haber's words, were made of all the sheets and sold in 1939; they were in due course presented by Mrs. Whittall, of Washington, to the Library of Congress. In 1945 the Library sanctioned an investigation into the full resources of the collection and Professor Haber, as he puts it in his preface, "lived with the manuscripts during the summers of 1950, 1951, and 1952." Manuscript sheets were unstuck, cancelled lines deciphered from under their erasures, the order of the notebooks dismembered by Laurence Housman laboriously reconstructed. This volume contains the first-fruits of Professor Haber's long labours. His claim is that the reconstructed notebooks—

> contain many of the essential records, plus a wealth of minutiæ equally important to the student of the poet's way. These records increase our knowledge of Housman's craftsmanship and at the same time enable us to correct several long-standing misconceptions—some of them planted by A. E. H. himself.

The net gains are 800 lines of verse previously unpublished—unpublished because neither the poet nor his brother thought them worth publishing; a new dating of many of the published poems, and a greater certainty about the order in which they were written (this is the point at which the misconceptions "planted by A. E. H." are corrected); a comparison of a few finished poems with earlier drafts; and some heavy-handed comment by Professor Haber, of which this is a fair sample:

> Among the fragments are occasionally found single lines or couplets that later were wrought into a poem engendered by the provocative idea in the fragment or by the language of it.

And he notes Housman's fondness for the word *nitre*, and his efforts to work it into the rhyme of a stanza with *fighter*.

The whole publication, though, raises questions more weighty than Professor Haber's sensibility: questions of literature and questions of ethics.

First. Is there much point in serving up these scraps and discards with all the apparatus of scholarship? There is no question of establishing a text here: and it is doubtful whether a process which may well be appropriate to a poet like Hopkins, who did not see his poems through the press, really adds to our understanding of Housman. Has a sledgehammer been used to crack a rather small nut? Or does the volume simply testify to the voraciousness of the academic machine which requires continually to be fed with the remains of writers?

Second. Why did Laurence Housman not in fact destroy the rest of the unpublished material after he had made his choice for *More Poems*? "These notebooks I am under orders to destroy" is a phrase he used both in the introduction to *More Poems* and in his Memoir, and he also declared in the Memoir, "I feel sure that my brother would not wish the workshop process by which he brought his verses to perfection to be exposed in detail." Did he really believe that no one would ever look at the backs of the pages once they were out of his hands? Why did the Library of Congress sanction a procedure which went against the poet's declared wishes, in allowing the "contraband" material to be published? Why, when it did come to publication, did Laurence Housman finally give his permission? "All legal objections" as Professor Haber puts it, "have been withdrawn, in writing."

In the editing of their remains Stevenson has suffered from lack of academic standards, Housman from academic industry misplaced. The poet who left no instructions was served up with howlers: the poet who left precise instructions is haunted by a pedant working away on verses he had wished to be destroyed. Both would have writhed at the prospect of their scraps ever reaching the public eye; both, from their heavenly mansion, must have looked sadly on their next of kin.

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A New Mistress Now I Chase

Going to the Wars. By JOHN VERNEY. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Verney's delightful, amusing and amused account of his experiences as a temporary soldier is, I predict, the beginning of a re-orientation in our attitude to the war. The heroes have had a long run, longer than last time. In print we have still, ten years after, been flying with the Baders, escaping with the Williamses, diving with the Youngs (while on the screen we are still sweating it out with Air-Commodore Redgrave, Commander Mills and that rather uncertain lieutenant, Bogarde) and even the most hard-boiled among us have responded to their tales of courage. A reaction is inevitable, though it is evidently to be different from last time. We are inured to the violent protest—we should hardly this time sympathise with a *Goodbye To All That* or an *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Even the intellectuals have accepted the Universe. We've damned well had to.

The interest of *Going to the Wars* is, then, its tracing of such an acceptance by a young man who was himself the product of the earlier protests (and himself is protesting every step). He was afflicted with those twin neuroses which so strongly attacked the intelligent pre-war young, a hatred of all authority and a sense of guilt about his class. Many such young men came up against it with a bump, when the war posed its irreconcilable demands. Mr. Verney's solution was perfectly rational in the logic of irrationality. He anticipated the event by joining a Yeomanry regiment as a subaltern while we were still at peace, thus testing himself out on ground of his own choosing and, since submission was inescapable, retaining at least the illusion of free-will. What distinguishes his book even above its wit and its clever composition, is the haunting presence behind his attitudes of these two driving forces, never completely subdued, but finally harnessed.

It is with the Yeomanry that his book opens, in the middle of a vastly unreal mock battle in which the discomforts of not knowing what to do and not fitting in found some compensation in the comparing of himself with Nikolai Rostoff riding into his first action. The comparison would only have bewildered, if it didn't enrage, the fierce major, Victor Bone, or the cheerful extrovert Fergie Deakin. That was the difference he was conscious of, and the discovery was that more men than he thought would have appreciated it, and that anyhow it didn't matter so much if they didn't. At the outbreak of war the regiment moved to the Middle East, and rusted there unused for many months, living the remote, antiquated life of a peace-time cavalry regiment half a century away from the din in the desert nearby. And slowly the author is discovering his own ability to get along with the boring triviality of army life and the well-developed if not always sympathetic personalities of his brother officers. Mr. Verney has an eye for character and a nice feeling for the anecdote. The closed circle of this frustrating life is plotted with a tolerant irony.

Doubtless the same forces—the wish to test himself and the preference for voluntary submission—prompted the adventure which takes up the second half of his book. Oliver Bomfrey was a Member of Parliament who after several breezy visits to the Middle East formed the outfit known as Bomfrey's Boys, a group of irregulars or premature Commandos. The operation for which the author trained was a landing in Sardinia to sabotage an airfield. The expedition was to have been submarine-borne, but off the island the submarine broke down and after prowling perilously around returned its occupants to base, from which they made a second and successful attempt by parachute. The subsequent story—the reconnaissance of the airfield, the attack, the flight, the capture—is itself perhaps

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not out of the ordinary as these things go. What differentiates Mr. Verney's handling of it is the same honesty about himself which permeates his whole book. He is enough on terms with himself now not to falsify the feelings. The adventure is not a hero's incident, shying away from feeling with the familiar understatement. This is action no longer in the hands of the men of action, but of the man of sensibility desperately preserving his private values in the middle of it and doing it largely by a happy exercise of the Comic Spirit.

T. C. WORSLEY

Naval Affairs

The Sea Wolves: U-Boats at War. By WOLFGANG FRANK. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

The Sea Heritage. By ADMIRAL SIR FREDERICK DREYER. *Museum Press.* 30*s.*

It is difficult even after ten years to think dispassionately about the German U-boat campaign. It was so horribly effective; it so nearly succeeded. Thirteen and a half million tons were sunk—over 2,500 ships, each with grisly loss of life, each reducing our slender margin of survival. From its origins in the First World War the British complained bitterly and naturally of this "cowardly" method of warfare. Yet the principle of waging war by assault against economic lifelines was one which this country adopted long before any of its rivals; announcing and enforcing, from the seventeenth century onward, a doctrine of belligerent rights and total blockade against which neutral and minor maritime powers protested in vain. Fear lent an unpleasantly hypocritical edge to our complaints. In fact, to sink a merchant ship without warning is no more abominable than to bomb a factory without warning, and the Nuremberg Court had the fairness to admit that the conduct of submarine warfare by Admiral Doenitz did not, even in *Siegerrecht*, constitute a crime. The roots of total war are too complex and stretch too far into the past for us to be able to discern which side, in which war, took the first, the criminal step.

A German account of the U-boat campaign can thus hardly be expected to arouse much sympathy here, but it should certainly be read with attention. Herr Frank was a Public Relations Officer on Admiral Doenitz's staff. He knows his facts and figures and is skilful at salting them with the right amount of colour and individual interest—the type of good war reportage, in fact, with which we have become very familiar. His work is refreshingly free of the morbid romanticism which makes so many German war books mildly revolting to read; but perhaps the German Navy was as a service less conscious than was the Wehrmacht of Parsifal and the Teutonic Knights brooding heavily in the background. The heroism of the U-boat crews and the skill of such aces as Prien, Schepke and Kretschmer is sketched with convincing restraint; and the descriptions of individual adventures, frequent and vivid as they are, do not interfere with the ably drawn outlines of the campaign itself—its planning, its difficulties, its achievements and its ultimate failure. Doenitz is the central figure: a dry, dedicated man carrying out his orders and not worrying about broader issues; a specialist, according to this account, hardly consulted in the general planning of the war. In some ways his destiny was tragic. He knew that in his hands lay the vital weapon for the destruction of Germany's enemies in the West; yet he found the rest of the higher command indifferent and hostile. Hitler admitted his ignorance of naval affairs. Goering hugged his air-empire to himself—"Everything that flies belongs to me"—and grudged even the few aircraft essential for reconnaissance. Even Doenitz's chief, Raeder, and his staff were obsessed by outmoded ideas about the importance of capital ships and the inadequacy of a *guerre de course*. "We don't want to become a Navy of U-boats" they commented when Doenitz pleaded for expansion. It was very lucky for us that they did not.

Our own inter-service rivalries were not dissimilar. If Goering grudged long-range aircraft to search for convoys, our own Air Staff was equally slow to detach machines from the bombing of Germany to search for U-boats. Admiral Dreyer, then Chief of Naval Air Services, pointed out that if the sinkings were not stopped the bomber crews would be without food and their aircraft without petrol. We were bombing Germany, he added grimly, with the lives of the Merchant Navy. Eventually he got what he needed, and it was with swarms of radar-equipped aircraft that the U-boats were driven from the seas. Out of 1,150 submarines commissioned, 781 were lost. This, one might have thought, bore out Field-Marshal Montgomery's forecast of command of the seas passing to air forces; but not so Admiral Dreyer. "There is nothing new in people who have incomplete knowledge of Maritime War," he comments, crushingly, "wishing to lay down the law on the subject to experienced naval officers."

Admiral Dreyer is certainly a very experienced naval officer indeed. As a young seaman he trained on a barque-rigged man-of-war, and later he was brought up on the short-range ramming tactics of the battle of Lissa. A brilliant gunnery-officer, he was one of Fisher's ablest lieutenants during the days of revolutionary technical development which preceded the First World War. Then he commanded the *Iron Duke* at the Battle of Jutland; he assisted Jellicoe at the Admiralty in the first great anti-submarine campaign; and in the Second World War he came back from retirement not only to hold a series of vital administrative posts but to command a convoy at sea. His book, closely packed with detailed reminiscence and technical information, will be of great interest to specialists, but one cannot, alas, recommend it to a wider audience. Admiral Dreyer's services to the State deserve more skilful, succinct and readable commemoration than he has himself given them.

MICHAEL HOWARD

B J P S

The British Journal for the Philosophy of Science

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The First Folio

Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. A facsimile edition prepared by HELGE KÖKERITZ. With an Introduction by CHARLES TYLER PROUTY. *Oxford: Yale University Press.* 84*s.*

This is a most useful, as it is a remarkably inexpensive, book. It reproduces, upon a type page reduced by approximately one-fifth, the excellent Huth copy of the First Folio now in the possession of the Elizabethan Club at Yale. Unfortunately, here as elsewhere, it is not quite true that the camera cannot lie. The technique employed, that of line photo offset, presents not a tonal reproduction, but one which gives the effect of the print's having been disengaged from its original ground and presented upon a new, dead-white, surface. This makes for legibility. But it involves some process (not explained, but presumably manual) of removing from the facsimile "stains and show-through" transmitted from the original; and this "has resulted in minor discrepancies." Thus if we look at the bottom right-hand corner of p. 887 (editors' pagination) we see blank paper, whereas a person consulting the Huth Folio would be aware of a catch-word, "I." But this failure in absolute fidelity—of which proper notice is given in both the preface and an errata-sheet—will set no pitfalls for the scholar, and need certainly not mar the amateur's pleasure in possessing this admirable recreation of the plays as Heminge and Condell presented them, "cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them."

Yet that this, the first editors', was a rash if noble boast will sufficiently appear from Professor Prouty's introduction. In the Elizabethan printing-house a more or less casual process of proof-correcting went on side by side with the actual printing, and corrected and uncorrected sheets went indifferently to the binder. So one copy of the Folio need by no means be identical with another, and we learn that "ultimately what is desired will be a collation of all extant copies." Of these there are more than 200. But scholars, it seems, will not much longer have to sacrifice long years of labour, and perhaps their eyesight, in the furthering of this gigantic task. Mr. Charlton Hinman "has perfected a mechanical device making it possible to compare copies in a fraction of the time required for collation by the unaided eye." The uninitiated can imagine this device only vaguely as an affair of valves and circuits, flashing lights and, conceivably, an imperious electric bell—a sort of baby brother to Dopey, the electronic monster at Cadby Hall. There is something a shade portentous in the thought of it at work upon the unvalued book.

J. I. M. STEWART

Straws Without Brick

Heretics and Renegades. By ISAAC DEUTSCHER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

Archæologists learn more from kitchen refuse or from flakes of stone than from great monuments; and the same is true of writers. Their large books are impersonal; they give themselves away in their occasional pieces. This principle works well with Mr. Deutscher. His books on Stalin and Trotsky seem monuments of impartiality as well as of learning. The present volume of reprinted journalism reveals more of the author himself. Mr. Deutscher is an unrepentant Marxist. What he means by this is that Communism was correct until 1932—which happens strangely enough to be the year when he was expelled from the party. Stalinism was a perversion, but—since we are using Marxist terms—a necessary one. It was an inevitable result of Russia's economic backwardness, especially in agriculture; and now that Russia is no longer backward, it is unnecessary. But this lands Mr. Deutscher in a heresy. If Stalinism, which he hates, was inevitable, then it

was the result of Leninism, which he admires. So he escapes by putting the blame of Stalinism on Stalin; and argues that it must end because Stalin is dead. But this is a heresy, too. Mr. Deutscher ridicules those who say that there would have been no Russian revolution if Lenin had been blown up in the sealed train. Why is it less ridiculous to claim that Stalinism could be kept going only so long as Stalin was alive?

Mr. Deutscher is, of course, right in criticising those, including Professor Carr, who see in the Russian revolution only a movement of ideas and who neglect the profound social forces. He is equally right in criticising the ex-Communists who now see in Communism only a love of power. But Communists do love power all the same. The Soviet dictatorship, which was actually evolved from the revolution, was not the inevitable outcome of social and political circumstances; it was the inevitable outcome of Lenin's theories and personality. It is the refusal to recognise this, the attempt to remain a Leninist without becoming a Stalinist, which hampers Mr. Deutscher as an observer and a prophet. Ever since Stalin's death, Mr. Deutscher has been the great protagonist of the "Malenkov" view that Russia is on the march towards democracy; and this view was at once snapped up by *The Times*, in its usual zest for appeasement. Of course Mr. Deutscher hedges his bets. "The alternative is between a democratic evolution of Communism and some sort of a military dictatorship." This latter is called Bonapartism, on the basis of some hard-worked and erroneous analogies. But Mr. Deutscher dismisses as "highly improbable" any *prolonged* relapse into Stalinism. Why? Simply because Stalin is dead.

The hard brick of Power is missing from Mr. Deutscher's analysis. He observes straws and himself provides the winds in which they are blown. This makes him a dangerous and misleading guide. Tyrannies do not "evolve" into democracies; nor do skilled political operators allow their power to fall into the hands of professional soldiers without political experience. The most usual thing is for tyrannies to endure. They come to an end only with internal disintegration or defeat in foreign war. If Mr. Deutscher could foretell the movements of stocks and shares as confidently as he dogmatises about the future of Soviet Russia, he would make a fortune on the Stock Exchange. But the Stock Exchange, unlike political commentary, demands a knowledge of real life.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Out of Despair

The Second Miracle. By PETER GREAVE. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The author of this remarkable book was, until recently, a leper. He was living fecklessly but zestfully in India when, at the age of twenty-eight, he observed a glowing patch on his forehead like the sinister "bright spot" of Leviticus. Once his fearful suspicions were confirmed, his one idea was to keep his freedom. For eight years he hid in a Calcutta slum till, in 1946, it became too dangerous for his Hindu doctor to traverse the Moslem sector to give him the agonising, almost useless weekly injections. His self-chosen freedom had become merely freedom to rot to death.

The "first miracle" for Greave was being enabled to return to England with the British whom he had deliberately shunned. The second, which gives the book its title, was not so much his cure through the new drug Diosone as the spiritual conversion that followed it. Return to England inevitably meant segregation with other lepers, all of whom had also contracted the disease in the East. After a nightmare drive through prim, Green-Line country whose very ordinariness made him feel far more of a branded outcast than he had ever felt in the Calcutta underworld, he found himself in a home run by Anglican nuns.

The writer is as refreshingly honest about himself as he is wittily and sensitively perceptive about others. He is lazy, greedy and untidy yet obviously courageous and capable of a furious tenacity of purpose. In spite of all the torments of leprosy—the pain, the near-blindness, the sense of inner corruption—he responds instantly to any stimulus of beauty or oddity. Once he has lost the sense of being a trapped animal, he finds himself happier as an acknowledged leper among other lepers than he has even been in his life. As in *The Magic Mountain*, these stricken men, "enthralled" in both senses of the word by their disease, find a peculiar satisfaction in their ritualised world. Moreover they are cared for by excellent and humane doctors and by nuns whose devotion, patience and inspired common sense in handling them are beyond praise. Mr. Greave's portraits, both of the nuns and of his fellow lepers are both incisive and sympathetic. Best of all, perhaps, is the boastful ex-athlete, Brian, with whom the author, impelled to boast too, becomes involved in an endless war of ping-pong. These desperate matches between the two half-blind men, both battling for their self-esteem, are at once macabre and moving. Particularly good too is the author's relation with the only one of the three novices who is having trouble with her vocation. In this handsome, quick-tempered girl, who has been something of a spoilt darling in the world, he senses an egoist like himself. With her he engages in a war of mutual exasperation. Yet, in the end, both conquer themselves—or are conquered. The girl gets through the ordeal of novitiate and goes off to the long drudging years of work in Africa which is the Order's prime concern. And the realisation of what she is now capable of facing contributes to Greave's "second miracle."

Throughout the book, whose abrupt shifts from his present quiet life to his raw and violent memories of India emphasise his personal conflict, we have gradually realised that a spiritual change is taking place in the writer. He has begun to see an inner meaning in his leprosy. Naturally he has prayed imperiously that the new treatment will succeed. Yet, when he learns of his cure, he is filled not with gratitude but with dismay at the prospect of leaving his cosy world. So dismayed that, for the first time since he arrived, he gets up early. Intruding accidentally on the nuns at prayer he suddenly realises that "in forty-odd years of living I have never attempted to live outside or beyond myself" and has a moment of vision as blinding as Pascal's. And in that "splintering of the heart by the spear of Christ's love" he learns at last "to accept and not to be afraid."

ANTONIA WHITE

New Novels

Coromandel! By JOHN MASTERS. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

William Conrad. By PIERRE BOULLE. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Stranger Come Home. By WILLIAM L. SHIRER. *Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

How often reading a novel one has the feeling "I have been here before!" Something in the writing, the plot, the characters or the background stirs a chord of memory: some masterpiece is casting its long shadow. For a chapter, maybe, or for only a few pages the book scuds in the wake of Dickens, or Dostoevsky, or Kipling. And so it is here. At some moment each of these three novels sets wild echoes flying. We remember:

> The lama raises a hand towards the ramparts of the Himalayas. "Not with you, o blessed among all hills, fell the Arrow of Our Lord! and never shall I breathe your air again!"

or this:

> It has left off raining down in Lincolnshire, at last, and Chesney Wold has taken heart. Mrs. Rouncewell is full of hospitable cares for Sir Leicester and my Lady are coming home from Paris. The fashionable intelligence has found it

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out and communicates the tidings to benighted England.

Lastly, in the case of Mr. Shirer, we are powerfully reminded of this:

> April 24th. Decided not to worry myself any more about the Jameses', for, as Carry wisely said, "We'll make it all right with them by asking them up from Sutton one evening next week to play at Bézique."

Mr. Masters's novel is the strangest surprise of the season. In his earlier books, *Nightrunners of Bengal*, *The Deceivers*, *Bhowani Junction*—he has excelled in faithfully portraying different periods of British India. He has recorded the Mutiny, he has plumbed the depths of Thugee, he has written admirably of our withdrawal in '46. One had expected him to go on like this for ever, giving each new novel a fresh, unobtrusively well documented setting—Arcot, the Black Hole, Hickey's Garden Reach, the Frontier, Curzon's Durbar and so on. Instead of this, he has run amok. He has written his oddest and most ambitious book so far, a rip-roaring bully-boy odyssey that begins all too much like an Errol Flynn CinemaScope and ends with a touch of Kipling's genius among the whirring prayer wheels of Tibet.

Jason Savage is a Wiltshire farmer's son, poaching, chambering and feeling generally unsettled in the year 1627. "Mettlesome" is the word to describe him. After killing the squire's son in self defence, he flies to London, becomes a professional dancer and later sails for India. He carries with him a map of treasure buried somewhere to the north of Coromandel. Jason's map is his talisman. It involves him in a host of adventures, amorous, criminal and intellectual. He falls in love with a temple prostitute, a strange near-blind Portuguese girl falls in love with him. Following his map, he makes his way to Agra, to the palace of Sher Jehan, then on to the Himalayas. It is at this point that Mr. Masters astonishes us by inviting a comparison with *Kim*. At Tsaparang the monks greet Jason with obeisances. Is he not the Great Twentieth, the reincarnated "Twentieth Lama of Tsaparang Gompa, who had been the Nineteenth and the Eighteenth, and the Great First, and would be the Twenty-first and the Twenty-second. . . ."? Joyfully they frog-march him through the monastery. But, alas, Jason is not the Great Twentieth. His creator knocks that idea firmly on the head a few pages later in an episode concerning a catapult, a thousand monastery pigeons and two jars of barley-brandy, that is as brilliant a piece of farcical writing as anything in contemporary fiction. Personally, though I enjoyed this book greatly, I have a feeling that Mr. Masters had better not let himself go in this way again for some time. He has had his far fierce hour, and he may now return to chronicling the sober realities of the "Raj."

The only hint of *Bleak House* in M. Boulle's novel is to be found in his chorus. Sir Wallace and Lady Goodfellow are an odd 1940 variant of Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock. They have something of the same gravity, the same density, the same tremendous sense of the fitting, as that redoubtable pair. They also have an ex-Polish protégé, Mr. William Conrad, M.C. (Dunkirk), a celebrated newspaper columnist, and a capital fellow generally if one could only forget that unfortunate accent! In fact, Mr. Conrad is not a Pole but a German, not an Anglophile ally but a Nazi secret agent. The trick has been very cleverly worked: only "X" of the British Secret Service suspects that there is anything up. While "X" is rigging his mantrap, Lady Goodfellow gives a New Year's party. Her guests wear paper caps, sing *Auld Lang Syne* twice and drink a great deal of black-market whiskey—"and at that instant William Conrad realised he no longer hated the English."

This clever but misguided novel makes very amusing reading. It could only have been written by a Frenchman. M. Boulle betrays any amount of that envious respect for "le British Secret Service" which, in spite of the evidence, continues to dominate conversational life across the Channel. "X" himself is the toughest of nuts, a chief any counter-espionage organisation would be proud of, while the cipher expert, J. R. Beckett, is a veritable armchair brain, a Mycroft Holmes in a soiled dressing-gown, dangling a Woodbine meditatively over his photostats. But M. Boulle's anglomania does not stop at the Secret Service. He has a copious admiration for everything British which he vents through his own and "X's" comments and through the letters of Conrad's friend, an appallingly chirpy redbrick don named Patton. The Briton's inspired muddleheadedness, his divine inefficiency, his radiant imperviousness to things intellectual—this is M. Boulle's theme. His three-page emotional analysis of the National Anthem is guaranteed to bring a blush to every island cheek.

Finally we come to Mr. Shirer's study of witch-hunting in present-day America. Written in the crudest diary form, this is nothing less than Mr. Pooter in McCarthyland. (It is also very much the mixture as before; it falls a long way below Mr. Irwin Shaw's eloquent *The Troubled Air*.) Raymond Whitehead, a well-known foreign correspondent, broadcaster and intransigent liberal, returns to the States after twenty years abroad to find everything changed. He is shocked at what he sees. Venal senators, informing ex-Communists, martini-soaked tycoons, sex-ridden newspaperwomen, sycophantic sales promoters—down they all go in the bald, nettled prose of the Laurels, Brickfield Terrace. Like the immortal Mr. Pooter, Whitehead has his Gowing:

> It seems incredible that a man of Steve's caliber and of his record in the service can be in the doghouse with Congress. But apparently he is. That Senator O'Brien who called on me the other day is back of it all. Steve, with his acute sense of fairness and his genius for taking the long view, said the Senator was merely a product of the uneasy climate at home. Such men, he reminded me, always sprout up in times like these.

Once the bellowing and the backslapping ("Welcome home to God's country, Whitehead!") has died down, the gang takes a second look at Mr. Shirer's hero and decides that he too is a Red. After that things turn really nasty.

If it were not for Mr. Shirer's unconscious mimicry of the Grossmiths I would call his novel an infinitely depressing bit of propaganda.

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Shorter Reviews

Satchmo: My Life in New Orleans. By LOUIS ARMSTRONG. *Peter Davies.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

And by life Mr. Armstrong means Life: months in a Waifs' Home; experience as a pimp; delivering coal by day in order to play music at night. Not that his book is either solemn or bitter: quite the contrary. It was originally talked into a recording machine, and has the artless charm of a Sunday painting. The author appears as a gay, patient soul, with all the generosity of his race, but little of its violence, a violence which flickers constantly in all these pages about the "chicks" and "tonks" of early twentieth-century New Orleans. There is the big fight with knives (but without, for once, bricks) between Deborah and Mary Jack the Bear; there is Sweet Child who went to every funeral wake in town; and there is Louis Armstrong's admired patron, King Oliver. The strictly musical interest is limited, but hardly a notable band or player in the world of jazz is disregarded. The story tells with modest humour of the author's devotion to his music and his family, and ends with his arrival in Chicago in 1922. Few will resist an autobiographer who can declare: "I'll probably never be rich, but I will be a fat man."

The First and the Last. By ADOLF GALLAND. *Methuen.* 18*s.*

Adolf Galland—he looks like a Latin racing motorist and is, in fact, of French extraction—was perhaps the most famous German fighter-pilot during the war, and a General in the Luftwaffe at the age of 29. His book is an intelligently written, straightforward account of personal experience in aerial combat, plus much interesting information about the decline of the Luftwaffe from 1941 onwards, overstrained by too many fronts. Herr Galland presents himself as, and indeed appears quite genuinely to be, a non-political, patriotic air-officer type, something of a counterpart to Douglas Bader whom he entertained in 1941 at his mess and who contributes a short foreword. He became a fighter-pilot by way of a glider club and flew with the Nazi Condor Legion in Spain—he expresses some regret for Guernica and some sympathy for the Spanish republic. His story of the Battle of Britain, during which he had intimate conversations with Hitler and Goering, bears out the air historians' contention that as a strategic force the Luftwaffe was too small and too weak for the job. There are one or two inaccuracies: Herr Galland seems to be under the impression that there was no night-bombing of London until well on in October, 1940; but the book is a useful contribution to the history of the war in the air. The personal story is neatly rounded off by his return, after differences of opinion with Goering, to operations in January, 1945, as leader of the first jet fighter squadron ever to fly; he crashed on April 26.

World Chess Championship 1954. By H. GOLOMBEK. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*
John and the Chess Men. By HELEN WEISSENSTEIN. *Phoenix House.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Having been one of the judges at the championship and watched practically every minute of it, Golombek gives a lively account of the background and atmosphere in which every one of the twenty-four games was being played, and the illustrations help to give an impression of the enormous audiences attracted by chess in Russia. Substantial comment on the theoretical merits of the openings chosen should be useful to the more erudite reader, and another commendable feature of the book is the indication of time spent on every move. The one feature missing in this almost perfect account of the championship may be a brief summary of previous World Championships.

Helen Weissenstein's book is a commendable attempt to make chess palatable for small children. True enough, there is very little meat in the book; yet it cannot be expected to do much more than teach the simple rudiments of the game and whet the young reader's appetite for further erudition. And this the book contrives to do in an extremely pleasing manner.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,314

Set by Sylvia Clayton

Television has recently been venturing into the homes of the famous. Viewers have been given a glimpse of Lady Barnett at home in her eighteenth-century farmhouse with her collection of Rockingham china and her bowls of bulbs. Competitors are invited to supply a brief *Radio Times* outline of the attractions to be expected in the home of any celebrity of the past. Limit 150 words. Entries to reach this office by May 10.

Result of No. 1,311

Set by Peter Pastmaster

Miss C. V. Wedgwood writes in *The King's Peace* that "the Devil, in many forms, bestrode the islands from end to end. Sometimes he was 'a proper gentleman with a laced band,' as when he came to Elizabeth Clarke at Chelmsford; at other times you might know him, as Rebecca Jones at St. Osyth did, by his great glaring eyes. He was cold and sensual and rather mean; he offered Priscilla Collit of Dunwich only ten shillings for her immortal soul; she gave it him and off he went without paying."

The usual prizes are offered for a contemporary account of an encounter with the Devil at noonday.

Report

A gratifyingly large entry with little in the way of fire and brimstone. There are clearly fashions in the infernal kingdom as everywhere else, and most contacts were genteelly sulphurous. The general note was quiet, engaging, unobtrusive, the note Chesterton struck in his poem:

> The Devil is a gentleman, and he asks you down to stay
> At his little place at What's-its-name, it's never far away . . .

There was no landed Devil here; otherwise his appearances were as protean as could be desired. He made his descent in balloons and helicopters, often he drew wheedlingly to the kerb in a Rolls-Royce. He was "tall, loose-knit, crew-cut," he was an insurance agent, he was a blonde drinking Coca-Cola, he was a real gentleman, "ever so nice to work for." At one moment he was fiftyish, oozing charm but a trifle faded ("as booksellers say"), at another he was a Parisian taxi driver. Sometimes flame sprayed from his finger tips, at others he carried a "hypodermic Biro." He several times cursed Mrs. Knight. Often, in his demeanour, he was blandly Narcissist.

First prize of two guineas to Donald Roum, and second prize of a guinea and a half to Gothamite and A. D. Bennett-Jones. A guinea to A. M. P. (name and address, please?) for his *rencontre amoureuse*, and an *ex gratia* prize of half a guinea to John Craig for a brilliant entry which was outside the terms of this particular competition.

This *Mary Jonson* freely confesseth . . . that upon a day in Aprill she was in her cottage at *Grauesend* . . . and about the houre of noon heard one knock upon the door, which she opened, and saw upon the door-step the deuil in the form of a uery tall thin man with glasses upon his nose, which was like the uery beke of an aigle . . . [He later] promist her that so far as was in his poure . . . she should have the pleasure of the world untill her naturall death . . . if she would but agree, in another place, to make her mark privily, and with a black pencill, upon a paper bearing his name, which was to giue her Soul to him . . .

DONALD ROOUM

It was most impressive and would cause even the most hardened unbeliever to waver. First the demonic choir—"Straight from The Bottomless

Company Meeting

THE CUNARD STEAM-SHIP COMPANY LIMITED

A SHIPBUILDING LIABILITY OF £19 MILLION.

REPLY TO THE "CLEVER" FIGURE MERCHANT.

Colonel Denis H. Bates, Chairman of the Company, in a statement to stockholders for submission at the 78th Annual Meeting to be held on May 18th, says:—

The Cunard, Port and Brocklebank Lines maintain world-wide services and I express warm thanks to all in the ships and to all our shore staffs and agents who have overcome the many difficulties of 1954.

Whilst the North Atlantic passenger trade has been reasonably good, cargo results have been disappointing. In the consolidated accounts, the reduction in operating surplus of £1,946,164 is mainly due to the continuing impact of reduced cargo earnings and lower freight rates as well as labour troubles and increased running costs. The 1954 balance-surplus of £2,157,266 is satisfactory in view of the year's difficulties and when so many factors are outside our influence. Recommended is a final dividend of 7% on the increased ordinary capital.

The board have had capitalisation for purposes of maintenance under constant review. In early autumn 1953 it was clear the fleet value in the 1954 balance sheet would show a considerable increase, despite the depreciation allowance, which between 1949 and 1953 had roughly absorbed the cost of new tonnage. Accordingly the board prepared for the capital increase to £13,000,000 of 1954.

PROSPECTS REASONABLY GOOD

As for 1955, given freedom from import restrictions and labour troubles, our prospects are reasonably good. The question of participation in air travel and trade is under continual review. There is no permitted opening for the Company in Atlantic passenger air traffic because it is reserved to B.O.A.C., and to embark in world-wide charter business scarcely seems worthwhile. As to air freight, at £440 a ton across the Atlantic it cannot compete with the £7 a ton of our cargo ships. The ship is still supreme in the cost of carriage, and we believe it will be for another ship life and longer. Atlantic passenger air travel has so far proved complementary to sea travel.

The problem of replacement has become more acute since 1945 owing to rapid sterling depreciation and unless reserves had been built up, the present shipbuilding liability of £18,900,000 could not have been contemplated. Whilst ships cost four times as much as before 1939, we have aimed at setting aside annually a sum which, added to depreciation, approximates to an annual rate of only twice the pre-war cost, the utmost trade will permit after penal taxation, and still allow stockholders a reasonable return. To increase dividends by reducing the already insufficient replacement amount would increase the gap. By calculating taxation before making allowance for replacement at current costs, the Exchequer is eating away funds essential to the Company's existence. Between 1949-1953 out of consolidated profits of £47,107,000 we have paid £19,125,000 in taxation, distributed £3,290,000 in dividends and set aside for replacement by normal depreciation £12,815,000 with a further £11,877,000 to reserve to meet part of the extra cost of building.

Operational costs continue to rise and delays in port are not only costly but stultify to provide more efficient ships.

REPLY TO CRITICISM OF DIRECTORS' POLICY

Another problem is that of the "clever" figure merchant, who, without practical knowledge of running ships, juggles with figures to press directors for higher dividends than they in their experience consider wise in the Company's interests.

At the last Annual Meeting, Mr. Childs, a stockholder since 1953, read a statement criticising the directors' capital and dividend policy. He declared his intention to form a shareholders' association unless he could get some assurance on future policy, despite the intimation in my annual statement that in October (1954) the board proposed to consider an interim dividend and notwithstanding that I had just said the relation of capital to assets was being considered. In his statement, circulated later to certain stockholders, Mr. Childs compared dividends to earnings abstracted by him from the 1944-1953 accounts. The statement, and the graph which accompanied it, are inaccurate; the figures selected for 1944-1946 were from the Cunard accounts only, those for 1947-1953 were from the Group Consolidated Accounts and were therefore not comparable. Mr. Childs could have made a correct comparison because there had been published Profit and Loss Accounts for 1947-1950, though this would have destroyed his main argument.

These inaccuracies led Mr. Childs to others on the subject of replacement costs. He declared it was useless for me to say that money must be ploughed back and again made a misleading comparison with 1944, when the Cunard Company was not even operating the Atlantic ships and services.

Stockholders should also know the facts about payments to directors. The annual rate of fees has not altered since 1917, though the number of directors has varied. Mr. Childs has sought to compare £7,800 for 1944 with £137,015 for 1953, but the 1944 figure refers to fees paid by the Cunard Company only, whereas the 1953 figure, in accordance with the 1948 Companies Act, shows all payments to past and present directors from the entire Group, including managerial salaries and pensions. The figure is swollen by directors appointed from the staff; in 1944 there was only one, whilst in 1953 the four chief executives of Cunard were directors, together with others from subsidiary companies.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE FUTURE

Stockholders have entrusted the directors with a heavy responsibility involving detailed experience, and views of individual stockholders, whilst of value, cannot be allowed, alone, to sway policy. Stockholders in their turn owe a duty to the directors and to each other. The Annual Meeting on May 18th is very important to the Company's future since stockholders are asked to choose between two incompatible policies: The one advocated by Mr. Childs, to pay out larger dividends at the expense of already inadequate replacement provision and let the Company take its chance on the future, a policy which would prove fatal; the other pursued by this present board, to hold the balance as fairly as annual profits allow between dividend distribution and the responsibility to maintain the ships.

There can be no compromise since Mr. Childs has (1) called in question the board's honesty over directors' fees; (2) issued to stockholders a misleading financial picture of past years; (3) uttered to the press an inaccurate forecast, namely, "my information is that the current year's trading, subject to no unforeseeable set-backs, is likely to show considerable improvement" (on 1953); (4) prematurely solicited stockholders for support, on the above premises, a step which prompted my circular of February suggesting stockholders should await the Annual Accounts and Report before signing any proxies; (5) has declared his intention to put forward a nominee for the board.

In the face of Nos. 1, 2 and 4 it would be impossible for me to hold the board together were a nominee of Mr. Childs to be elected. It is a choice which has to be faced and I ask for proxies in support of the present board so that I may be able to carry and discharge my responsibility to stockholders.

Pit "—thrilled the vast audience with old favourites in faultless harmony: "Oh, Avernus Everlasting"; "Across the Styx We'll Go"; and "Pluto's Rooms are Roomy." Then Bob Erebus, crowd-leader extraordinary, led the audience in "Stygian Nights are Styxian" while the choir sobbed in counterpoint. Now, with all emotions aroused, the lights went out, complete darkness except for the gleaming red eyes of the choir and various assistants. Then—brilliant spotlights on the stage—and he was there. A shiver ran through the crowd. "Nick," they whispered, "Nick Eblis." Those dark good looks! Those piercing, intense eyes! That slim but strong figure! He raised his hand commandingly—complete silence through that vast hall—"Where," he asked imperiously, his transatlantic accent barely noticeable, "Where will you spend Eternity?"

GOTHAMITE

He thought he saw a large cigar
  Protruding from a brick;
He looked again and saw it was
  The horns of dear Old Nick.
"You'll never conquer me," he said,
  "At playing politic."

He thought he saw a poodle dog
  That played upon a lyre;
He looked again and saw it was
  Old Scratch outpouring fire.
"I've many years before," he said,
  "I finally retire."

He thought he saw a siren suit
  Arrive from Ebbw Vale;
He looked again and saw it was
  Old Harry's three-pronged tail.
"You lack the party whip," he said,
  "But I'm within the pale."

He thought he saw a Sutherland
  Upon an office frieze;
He looked again and saw it was
  Old Mephistopheles.
"You'll never get my soul," he said,
  "By trying to appease."

A. D. BENNETT-JONES

The Devil was drinking gin-and-tonic
  In "The Shades" and it was noon,
His air was rather supersonic,
  He offered me the moon.

"I'm just a journalist," then said he,
  "And killing Father Time,
Come, Sweet, and sit upon my knee
  And help me in the crime."
"You are the devil's work," said I
  "If journalist you be."
But I rather fell for his roving eye,
  So I didn't refuse his knee.

A. M. P.

His Grace of Buckingham, forwearied at the stay (for which God be thanked) of the marriage treaty, walked in that year 1623 in the scrub about Madrid through bushes which yielded not shade from that sun which mad dogs and our countrymen alone can support, when he was faced by one whom he took for a fellow of the Inquisition, clad like the scarlet woman and bedizened with brass like gold and gems as false. My Lord Duke, long tried by this familiar with baits of the world and flesh, lost his first wariness and bragged after his wont at a proffer of Anne d'Autriche that for this Queen he would roast yet more than he did. Thereat the fiend was gone but a voice rang in his Excellency's ear, Autriche, Ostrich, Done, Don, Done. Whence ensued afterward the French wars and Felton's dagger.

JOHN CRAIG

The Chess Board

No. 291 The Master's Pipe

Most of us would sympathetically appreciate the plight of a chessplayer so deeply engrossed by the game as to forget to pull at his pipe, lighting it again and again and usually burning his fingers in the process. Amos Burn was such a player, his place used to be littered with matches, and the City of London C.C. had to provide a spittoon for his especial benefit. Yet, in kindly providing me with those historical data both R. C. Griffith and Sir George Thomas point to the more important facts of Burn's unfailingly regular attendance at the Club, his great and unselfish help to his contemporaries, and his deep devotion to the game. He took it very seriously and usually refused to play "skittles." He died just about thirty years ago, which seems as good a pretext as any to remember a great master. Here—Taubenhaus-Burn, Nottingham 1886—is a game significant for his fine positional judgment.

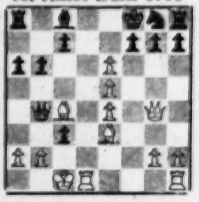
(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(17)	Kt-Kt3	B-Kt4
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(18)	P-B4	B-B3
(3)	B-B4	B-B4	(19)	O-O	P-B3
(4)	P-Q3	P-Q3	(20)	Kt-B5	Q-Q2
(5)	P-B3	Kt-B3	(21)	P-KR4	QR-Q1
(6)	B-K3	B-Kt3	(22)	P-R5	Q x P
(7)	Q-K2	Kt-K2	(23)	Q x Q	R x Q
(8)	QKt-Q2	Kt-Kt3	(24)	P x Kt	B x Kt
(9)	P-KR3	P-B3	(25)	B-Kt4	R-K1
(10)	B-Kt3	O-O	(26)	P x P ch	K x P
(11)	P-Kt4	P-Q4	(27)	P-B5	B-B2
(12)	P x P	Kt x QP	(28)	Kt-Q6	R-KR1
(13)	B x Kt	P x B	(29)	Kt-B7	R-Q5!
(14)	Kt-B1	P-Q5	(30)	Kt x R	R x P ch
(15)	B-Q2	P x P	(31)	K-R2	P-K5ch
(16)	P x P	B-Q2	(32)	K-R3	P-KKt4
			(33)	resigns	

Here—Janowski-Burn, Cologne 1898—is an entertaining little game, most significant for the calm and sober manner in which Burn snuffs out all the glittering fireworks conjured up by his wily opponent.

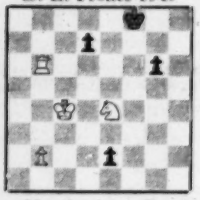
(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(12)	Q-R5	Kt-B3
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(13)	Q-R4	B-K3
(3)	B-Kt5	Kt-B3	(14)	R-Kt5	P-KKt3!
(4)	O-O	Kt x P	(15)	Q-R6	P-Q5!
(5)	R-K1	Kt-Q3	(16)	Kt-K2	Kt-Kt5
(6)	Kt x P	B-K2	(17)	R x Kt	B x R
(7)	B-Q3	Kt x Kt	(18)	Kt x P	B-Kt4
(8)	R x Kt	O-O	(19)	Kt-B5	B-B3!
(9)	Kt-B3	P-QB3	(20)	Q-R4	B x B!
(10)	P-QKt3	Kt-K1	(21)	Kt-K7 ch	K-Kt2
(11)	B-Kt2	P-Q4	(22)	resigns	

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which his opponent had just embarked on an unsound counter-thrust by Q-QKt5. How was he forced to resign in a few moves? **B**—White to win—is hardly a bargain at 6 ladder-points, nor would be **C** for 7 points if I did not add a very helpful hint. White, so as to be able to win, must contrive to reach by his 11. move the same position he had after Black's 3. move, the only (and decisive) difference being that it will now be Black's move.

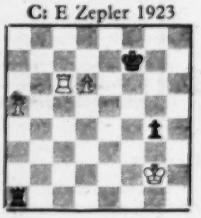
A: Amos Burn 1905



B: L. Prokes 1949



C: E Zepler 1923



Usual prizes. Entries by May 9.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 288. Set April 9

A: (1) R-R1, P-R6. (2) Kt-Kt1, P-R7. (3) B-B1, P x Kt. (4) R-R8 mate.

B: If Black was last to move it would have involved the White K ignoring a check; hence it must be Black's move now, whereupon White mates by Q x P, Q-B3 or Kt-Kt6 respectively.

C: After (1) Kt-B2, R-K3. (2) Kt x P White does not win the Q, Black being already mated. But after (1) P-K8 = Kt Black must play B-Q3 to counter the threat of Kt-B7, whereupon White can proceed by Kt-B2-Kt4.

D: (1) K-Q4!, R-R5 ch. (2) K-K5, R-R1. (3) Q-Q6 etc. If Black avoids the 1st R move (2) Q-K5 will do.

E: (1) R-R4!, Q x R. (2) Q-Kt4, Q x RP ch. (3) K x Q, R-R1 ch. (4) K-Kt3! etc. (1) Q-Kt4 is countered by Q-B8 ch.

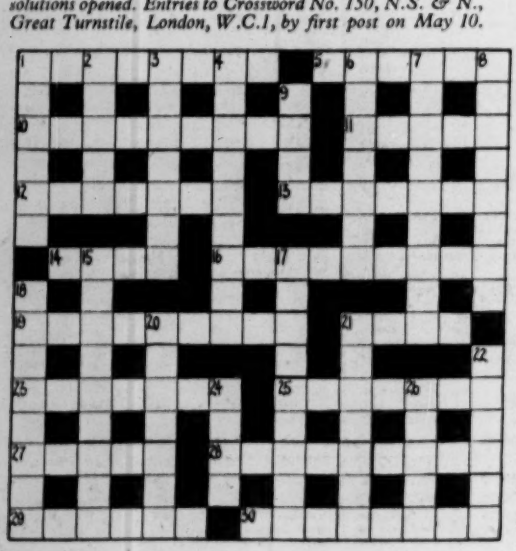
F: (1) Kt-B7!, P-Q6. (2) Kt-Kt5, P-Q7 ch. (3) K-B2, Kt-K8 ch. (4) K-Kt1!!, K x R. (5) Kt-B3 mate.

But (1) Kt-Kt6 is defeated by P-Q6. (2) Kt-B4, P-Q7 ch (3) Kt x P, Kt-K8!!, forcing a draw.

Surprisingly many competitors stumped by **B**. Prizes shared by: E. A. Barclay-Smith, D. E. Cohen, G. G. Hilton, F. R. Oliver, R. Russel. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 150

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 150, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on May 10.



ACROSS

1. Rush madly and die with paradise incomplete (8).
5. Quivering like a fish (6).
10. Sympathetic vibration (9).
11. Sufficient for the first half of a school (5).
12. In death the female is a wailer (7).
13. Pose nicely for a famous portrait writer (7).
14. Repeat after me the name of a bird (4).
16. Place where you can get evens before the race (9).
19. Indifferent to father's return he is in the top room (9).
21. The final issue is a note before half-term (4).
23. It is a nuisance to start with but altogether it means pounds (7).
25. First name of a student of Bede (7)
27. Marshal dropped by test cricketer; this is serious (5).
28. Time for this year's Easter parade? (5, 4).
29. State which has the knock-out in facts (6).
30. Writer who is a member of the forces in fancy dress (8).

DOWN

1. The copyist has a copy at heart (6).
2. South in an unnamed aircraft (5).
3. Pilfers small amounts (7).
4. The hotel in the desert perhaps provides service (9).
6. The Greek to fight and beat (7).
7. Play barrow (9).
8. It helps one to see for example about you and a girl (8).
9. Doubles seeds! (4).
15. Vegetables speak in pantomime (9).
17. Terms being exchanged, without the endorsement it may be caught at any time (4, 5).
18. Rushed about wildly to swindle the old people (8).
20. Most saintly and passionate about untruths (7).
21. Help forward with ref hurt in mêlée (7).
22. A means of commemorating the conservative in the body politic (6).
24. Take it out of the stuff and it is still unchanged (4).
26. A profit once more (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 148

S	I	N	K		B	R	O	A	D	S	I	D	E	S
E		E			E	V		O		O		A		
M	A	R	M	A	L	A	D	E		U	N	W	I	N
I		V		M		R		R		T		N		D
C	H	O	R	E	O	G	R	A	P	H	E	R		
O				R		U		G		E		I		A
L	I	G	N	I	T	E		E	N	R	A	G	E	D
O		A		C				N		H		O		
N	I	G	G	A	R	D		R	I	C	H	T	E	R
S		W		N		R		E		R				E
		R	O	C	K	I	N	G	H	O	R	S	E	S
S		I		L		B		N		S		E		S
L	O	T	T	O		B	R	A	S	S	E	R	I	E
I		E		T		L		N				G		E
P	A	R	C	H	M	E	N	T	S		P	E	N	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 143

Michael Keren (Keele), Mrs. E. Kenworthy (Nairobi), Mrs. C. Holloway (Birmingham).

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THIS Month's Penguins—Aldous Huxley's After Many a Summer, Antic Hay, Beyond the Mexique Bay, Brave New World, Crome Yellow, Mortal Coils, Music at Night, Those Barren Leaves (2*s.* 6*d.* each), Eyeless in Gaza and Point Counter Point (3*s.* 6*d.* each), The Case of the Rolling Bones—Erle Stanley Gardner (2*s.*). Pelicans: Roman Britain—I. A. Richmond (2*s.* 6*d.*), A Short History of Confucian Philosophy—Liu Wu-Chi (2*s.* 6*d.*), The Film and the Public—Roger Manvell (3*s.* 6*d.*), Foundations in the Dust—Seton Lloyd (2*s.* 6*d.*). Penguin Special: Peaceful Coexistence—Andrew Rothstein (2*s.*). Periodicals: New Biology 18 (2*s.* 6*d.*). Full list of titles from Penguin Books, Ltd., Bath Rd., Harmondsworth. American readers please write 3300, Clipper Mill Rd., Baltimore, Mass.

"A HIGHLY talented writer," says "The Times Lit. Supp." of Pavese. "The Political Prisoner" is his most powerful novel yet. "The Manchester Guardian" wrote, "Always engaging." All bookshops, 12*s.* 6*d.*, or Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7.

YOU certainly should see a copy of "China Reconstructs" as soon as possible. This illustrated magazine brings you the customs and traditions, the character and the very essence of the Chinese people through feature stories, photographs, colour plates, maps and news of life in China today and even a "language corner" teaching you to speak Chinese! Price 8*d.* from all newsagents or 6*s.* 6*d.* a year direct from Collet's Bookshops, Dept. D3, 45 Museum St., London, W.C.1.

SATIRICAL gem by "Sancho Panza" entitled "The New Conservatism" appears in the Special Election Number of "Labour Monthly," now on sale. Also famous drawing of Einstein by Kapp. Order 1*s.* 6*d.* all agents, or half year's subscription 9*s.* from NS, 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

"THE Nation," America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16*s.* 3*d.* yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

"THE Common Secondary School" by Brian Simon. A discussion of the central educational problem in Britain to-day. The author, who has visited most of the existing comprehensive schools, suggests what could be done to provide a common secondary school education for all children. Price 9*s* 6*d*. An excellent successor to the same author's "Intelligence Testing and the Comprehensive School." From all booksellers. Published by Lawrence & Wishart.

ELECTION: Tory candidates; food prices; "record pay packets"; profits; who owns Britain; social services; peace. Labour Research, 9*d*. 2 Soho Sq., W.1.

SPEECH & Thought: Physiological Development of speech in children (Krasnogorsky). Also: Soviet Criticism of Freud (theses). Soviet Psychology Bulletin Vol. 2 no. 2. From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8. 1*s.* 6*d.* (post free 1*s.* 9*d.*).

MENTALLY Retarded Children: U.S.S.R. Special Schools. Soviet Education Bulletin, Vol. 2, No. 2. From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8 or bookshops. 1*s.* 6*d.* (post free 1*s.* 9*d.*).

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8*s.* from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

NORTH Africa: Stop French Gestapo Tortures, Forced Prostitution. Read reports published Movement Colonial Freedom, 145 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. 6*d.* each.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

DIANETICS & Scientology, the only complete Outline of. 2*s.* 9*d.* to Box 5882.

GERMAN literature bought and sold. Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane E.1. By appointment only. MOU 1482.

BOOKS bought. Van collects London area. The Hammersmith B'kshop. RIV. 6807.

READ., "Tribune" 1937-9, "Statesman" 1935-45, bound indexed "Hansards" 1935-55, "Who's Who" 1954. Box 6479.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

FREE catalogues of books on Occultism, Mysticism, Yoga, Oriental Religions, and all allied subjects from The Aquarian Book Service, 30 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakfst. dinner opt. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12*s.* 6*d.*/15*s.* 6*d.* B. & B., wkly. terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. Fro. 7579. B. & B. from 15*s.* daily.

HIGHGATE. Small B/S. Bkfst. & evg. snack. £2 10*s.* Prof. fam. Box 6302.

BEDSITTERS available in grad. couple's delightful home facing Barnes Common. Good k. & b. facs. Excellent buses & r'ly. Tenants could reduce rent by some baby-sitting. From 45*s.* PRO. 6418.

ACCOMMODATION—*continued*

DOUBLE Divan Room, actor's flat, private phone, radio, e.l., use kit., c.h.w., linen, service. 4*gns.* inc. W.2. Box 6564.

TO let, sunny panelled bed-sit. in 18th Cent. house with garden, edge park, handy for City, Sloane Sq.; share kit., etc., one other. Cen. heating. £3 3*s.* MAC 4874.

WEST Dulwich. To let, sunny garden sitting-rm., kit'ette. Own entrance. Lge. dble. & sgle. bedrms., exclusive use 1st floor. H.W., baths, e.l., use gdn. 4/4½*gns.* Quiet gdn. Bus nr. Stn. 5-7 min. Trains City/Victoria 9-15 min. GIP. 5315.

PLEASANT 1st-floor bed-sit. with kitchenette adjoining. Open aspect. Convenient Tube, West End. Nr. Highgate Woods & Hampst. Heath. 3*gns.* TUD. 7604/Box 6586.

HAMPSTEAD. Attrac. dble. B/S. Ckg. fac., washbas., h. & c., use bath, tel. Also lovely balcony rm. sgle., o'lkg. gdn. Same fac. Nr. Hth. 3 min. bus. HAM. 7428.

WELL-furnished flatlet, large bed-sitting room plus kitchenette, quiet academic house, 3 mins. Tube. Hampstead Garden Suburb. Suit one. Box 6565.

COMFORTABLE bed-sitt. room, all convens. Gent. prefd. Flat 5, Stirling Mansions, 12 Canfield Gdns., N.W.6. MAI. 0157.

SUIT 3/4 friends, furn. flat, 2 dble. bdrms., lge./din.-rm., kit../dinette, mod. bthrm. 6*gns.* p.w. 'Phone 10-6 p.m. BIS. 7964.

PUTNEY. Attractively furnished divan-room to let. Own kitchen. Garden. Prof. man prefd. £2 10*s.* p.w. PUT. 3395.

HIGH-class Guest House, 10 mins. Marble Arch. Bed & bkfst. from £3. MAI. 1930.

2 Large bright rooms, furnished. H.C.W., etc., light, bath. Quiet house, pleasant neighbourhood. Reasonable rent. Particularly suit student or business person. 8 Holly Pk. Gdns., N.3. 'Phone FIN. 0358.

ODD corner on Islington Canal. Semi-basement, div.-sit. room, kitchen-din.-room, contemporary style, sep. entrance, share bathroom, complete privacy; £3 3*s.* wkly. incl., elec., c.h.w., linen, &c. TERminus 0650.

HAMPSTEAD. Large furn. sgle./dble. B/S. rm. Ckg. facil., garden. HAM. 4585.

SEMI-Furn. top flat. 2 rooms, bath. Pleas. house 3 mins. Golders Green stn. Tenants able take occasional charge small girl prefd. Modest rent. SPE. 5850.

TO let in mod. court, Dble. Bed-sit. rm. Use bath. Tel. BAY. 0909 6-8 p.m.

WONDERFUL, vast front-room overlkg. Kens. Gdns. (North light), semi-furn., absolute privacy, no service. 4½*gns.* WES. 4103 mornings and after 5.

ST. John's Wood. Large sunny well furnished 2-divan room with kit.-dining room, c.h.w., 4½*gns.* wkly. PRI. 4485.

TWO wanted for large partitioned room in and use remainder of small S. Kensington house. Box 6441.

BRIGHT, well-furn. room. Large window on to balcony. Another semi- or fully furnished. 3*gns.* double. PRI. 5602.

SUNNY, large, attract. divan-sitter to let, suit as studio-living room; 3 windows facing garden. All elect., own basin, h. & c. For 1/2 friends. Shoot-up Hill. GLA. 3554.

FUR. B/S. newly dec. single/double. Mod. hse. Bus. gent. pref. WEM. 4964.

LADY musician offers share of maisonnette W.6 to one or two. Box 6291.

SMALL pleasantly furnished balcony room in Mansion block, use of kitchen, bath & phone. Suit student or business man. 35*s.* per week. Box 6508.

ST. Johns Wood. Prof. woman offers bed-sitter, share kit., bath., 'phone, to pleasant young woman, 2*gns.* p.w. Box 6504.

BRIGHTON Front: all electric fully furn. flatlets. 2½ & 4½*gns.* Box 6215.

CAMBRIDGE family would exchange house for one near sea, 2-3 weeks August. Refs. exch. Box 6297.

ALDEBURGH, till mid-July. Comfy cottage, small but can hold 6. 1 min. sea. 4-5*gns.* wkly. Ewell 7462.

FURN. Welsh Seaside Cottages, sleep 2-11. Mod. conv. Elec. 3-12*gns.* till July 16, after Aug. 27. Sewell, Tanybryn, Aberayron, Cards. Tel. Aberayron 237.

SUSSEX Downs, Keymer, near Ditchling. Large four-berth Country Life caravan. Fully equipped: electric lighting and heating. Calor cooking. Inside sanitation (Elsan). Private farm orchard site. 6*gns.* weekly April-Sept. Vacancies May, June and Sept. Hall, 22 Lodge Lane, Keymer, Sussex.

BRACKLESHAM Bay & Hayling Island. Four-berth caravans. Apply 359 London Road, Horndean, Hants. Horndean 3208.

LAKE District. To let furnished, short or long periods, May-June, July, old farm nr. Skelwith Bridge. Recently modernised. Sleep 6. Box 5884.

NORFOLK Coast. All-electric comfortably furnished rural country cottage. Private sandy beach. Reduced terms for early season tenancy. 89 King St., Norwich.

BUNGALOW to let weekends and holidays, Essex, near river. Very moderate terms and/or help garden, etc. Box 6203.

ACCOMMODATION—*continued*

SNOWDONIA. Sea 5 mls. Beddgelert 3. Cott. May-Jy. 31. Magnif. pos. Slp. 8. El., Bath, W.C. £5-£7 wk. Ref. Box 6539.

CARAVAN to let. Sleep 4. Henley. May-July. Aldeburgh Aug.-Sept. Box 6213.

CARAVAN for holidays. Charming position, Alfriston, Sussex. Box 6210.

MUSICIAN seeks unfurnished studio or large room with modest living accom. Purchase or rent. Box 6204.

SCHOOLMASTER, marrying shortly, requires congen. furn. flat, prefer. self-contained, usual utilities. Moderate rent. Southgate or pleasant area easy reach Finsbury Park. Quiet, careful tenants. Box 6436.

PROF. lady (27) seeks accommodation; would share, pref. with young menage S.W.1, 4, 11. Box 6266.

L.S.E. Grad Student seeks share furnished flat with facilities. Box 6473.

JAPANESE journalist, 31, learning English, seeks accomm., bed & breakfast, with English family. Tadao Yamasaki, Room 216, The Times, Printing House Sq., E.C.4.

FURN. accom. 4 adults, 3 children, on Devon/Cornwall coast. Fortnight late July/August. Domestic help rqd. Box 6059.

YOUNG man, wife, small child, forced holiday July 24-Aug. 6, require inexpensive accom., pref. nr. sea. Box 6227.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

3/4-roomed furn. flat avail. shortly. 25 mins. Charing X. Impecunious grad. hsehold. Special terms congenial tenants. Young children welcome. Box 6346.

TO let, cottage, mountain lake estate, outside Dublin. 2 pers. 3*gns.* Box 6228.

UNPUBLISHED but cheerful writer, wife require quiet, plain cottage—farmhouse accommodation, 2 rms., pref. nr. sea, mid-June-Aug./longer. Box 6435.

FUTURE Professor, contemplating matrimony, requires unfurnished flat, London. Present University salary restricts rent to £170 p.a. Box 6462.

TWO medical students (female) seek small self-contained flat, Westminster/Victoria area. 'Phone RIV. 6320.

YOUNG professional couple with boy of five require from July 1 furnished or partly furnished house or flat (with use of garden), 3-4 bedrooms, preferably Hampstead or Richmond, but other pleasant areas considered. Reasonable rent. Write Box "AP/11," c/o 95 Bishopsgate, E.C.2.

UNFURNISHED flat wanted by professional couple. Will decorate. No children. Excellent references. Box 6353.

UNIV. Lecturer reqs. unfurn./part-furn. flat, Bloomsbury/Ken. Box 6563.

NIGERIAN student & German wife, baby expected in June, would be grateful for flat. Maximum rent 3*gns.* Please 'phone CEN. 1231 or write Box 6566.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SUFFOLK. Converted Mill, the former residence of Benjamin Britten, with delightful views of Alde estuary and country-side. Hall, Lounge/Dining Room, 2 large studios, 3 bedrooms, bath, kitchen, etc. Paddock, garages, gardens & stores. Mains E.L., water, modern drainage. £3,750. Parts. and photo from Flick & Son, Saxmundham.

DONEGAL Bay. For sale, "Yachtsman's Paradise," vide "Yachting Monthly," Feb. 1928; £2,500 or offer, including furniture; 10 bedrooms, 3 reception, electricity, 60 acres home farm, ½-mile river fishing, own boathouse, slipway, etc.; heartbreaking to leave this lovely place. Write Box 6251.

SW. CORNWALL: in position of breath-taking beauty on tiny fishing beach, capstan house converted to sleep 4-5, main elec. and water, chemical sanitation. Freehold, vacant, £1,450, including adjacent tenanted cottage, or separately. Offers, Donington, 79, Cornwall Gdns., S.W.7. WES. 1475.

DULWICH. Semi-detached house, nr. schools. 6 rms., k., b., gdn. Rateable value £36. Lease 9 yrs. £500. Box 6431.

QUIET Sq. N.W.1. 8 rms. plus 2 kits., 2 bths. Gdn. F'hld. £4,000. Box 6263.

CAFE with flat (4 bedrooms) and garden to be proud of, in flourishing Hants coast village. Someone prepared to take trouble and serve rich teas will reap rewards. £4,300 Freehold. Box 6510.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

PEMBROKESHIRE: nature-lovers welcomed; beautiful historic house, woods, lakes, farm; modern amenities; sea near all sides; own farm. Lockley, Orielton Nature Reserve, Pembroke.

WEST Bay, Dorset. 2 double rooms, every convenience, one min. sea. Dinner, bed & bkfst. 6*gns.* Bridport 311911. Box 6608.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London). Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers ideal accom. for country-lovers. Good food, comfort, delightful surroundings.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—*continued*

COTSWOLDS. Cottage Guest House, excellent centre, good food, 16*s.* daily, £4 17*s.* 6*d.* wkly. No. vac. Whit wk.-end or Aug. 6 to Sept. 3. Broch.: Tansley, The Yew Trees, Cockleford, Cowley, Cheltenham.

KENT Downs, XV Cent. Farmhouse between Canterbury-Hythe. Walking country. 5*gns.* weekly. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted, Ashford (Tel. 353).

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

LUKEY, Parc Wollas, Mullion, C'wall. Vacs. May/June. Nr. beach. Pleas. Mod.

CORNWALL. Happy, care-free holiday in French lady's cottage. 3-4 persons only. ½ mile beach. Well-cooked food. Real personal attn. B.B., dinner at night. 5*gns.* wk. Mrs. Luxemburg, 3 Polbreen Lane, St. Agnes.

DEVON. Country house, ideal relaxation, walks, touring. Liberal table. Own produce. Personal supervision. Indoor/outdoor recreational facils. From 4½*gns.* Hayman, "Bossell," Buckfastleigh. 'Phone 3294.

RYE. Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive few guests. Rye 2207.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, has three things that are important in an hotel, good food, comfort and congenial company. Sharpthorne 17.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5½-6½*gns.* George and Elaine Bonner, Penralit, Trefriw. Telephone Llanrwst 166.

MOUNTAIN Guest House, families welcome. Walking, climbing. Good food. Hot water. Paul and Beryl Work, Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert, North Wales.

PORTHCURNO, Land's End. Sandy beaches, uninterrupted views, good food. Russell, 18 Manor Mansions, N.W.3.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside with good food, comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Bus to Eastbourne. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Horam Rd. 32.

CORNWALL sea-front, mid-Prom. Safe bathing op. house. H. & c. Bed-Bkfst. £3 15*s.* Steen, 4 Marine Terrace, Penzance.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book. 3*s.* 6*d.*, postage 3*d.* Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Sea, cliffs, downs. Old Norton House. Sm. luxury hotel, on famous old Green. Rooms of distinction; cent. htg.; excep. food; friendly atmos. 8*gns.* Brochure. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House. Excellent centre for exploring the beauties of Lake District. 1st-class food, friendly atmos. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

BETTWS-Y-COED district. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort, Continental cooking. 7½*gns.* Bwich Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

WESTGATE-on-Sea. Comf. Guest House, 2 min. sea & fine sands. H. & C. all rms. Red terms May, June, Sept. Infants minded evgs. Helen Rainsford, 15 Westgate Bay Ave., Westgate-on-Sea. Thanet 31423.

I.O.W., Ventnor, Pelham Hotel, Esplanade. Large balcony bedrooms facing sea. Apply brochure. Phone Ventnor 252. Terms 5½-8 *gns. Recommended.*

ROSELAND, Cornwall. Small guest house on sea edge. Quiet. Lovely sands, safe bathing. Vacancies June, July. Mrs. Job, Tirva, Veryan. Tel.: Veryan 350.

BELGIAN Coast: Private hotel "Les Mouettes," Digue de mer, 6 Wenduine. Really restful holiday. Seabathing free. Homely, family atmos. Glorious sand. Welc. British visitors. Best food. Reas. May, June, Sept. 125-150*frs.* July/Aug. 160/175*frs.*

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful, quiet sit. above sandy beach. Mod. comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to June 30 and after Sept. 10. Illus. broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

AUSTRIA. Hotels from 8*s.* 9*d.* dly., also gd. rm. Innsbruck w. bth. Box 6614.

THE new 1955-56 edition of "The Good Food Guide" is now ready. Contains nearly 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Nearly a third of the entries are new. The standard goes higher every year. 5*s.* from all booksellers. Published by Cassell.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Extension Lecturer in Science in the Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Candidates must have high academic qualifications in Pure Science, preferably in physics or chemistry, in which the appointee will be required to lecture at an advanced level to science graduates in industry, etc., principally in Cumberland. He will be expected to establish close co-operation with science departments within the College, where it is hoped to promote some research facilities. Experience in industry will be an advantage. Salary on the Lecturers' scale, rising to £1,100 plus child allowance and superannuation, under F.S.S.U. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, Joseph Cown House, 153, Barras Bridge, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1. Completed forms of application should be submitted not later than Saturday, May 14. G. R. Hanson, Registrar, King's College.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for a post of Lecturer in Education to begin duties in September, 1955. Candidates should have a good Honours Degree and an interest in the History and Philosophy of Science. Teaching experience is essential. Salary scale: £650×£50—£1,350, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applics. (7 copies) should be sent by May 14, 1955.

THE London County Council invites applications from suitably qualified persons for appointments as resident Headmaster and Matron of Mile Oak Approved School for junior boys, near Portslade, Sussex. Consideration is being given to reducing the accommodation, at present 150, to less than 100 boys. Applications will be considered from individual candidates, for the appropriate post, or from married couples. Applicants for appointment as Headmaster should be qualified teachers, have experience of approved schools and be in full accord with the approach to juvenile delinquency through an understanding of the needs of the child. Applicants for appointment as Matron should have experience of and preferably be qualified in domestic management; child care qualifications and/or experience and knowledge of first-aid and/or home nursing would be an advantage. Salary: Headmaster (dependent on accommodation to be fixed) within scales £960×£18—£1,230 or £1,000×£18—£1,270. The starting point depends on previous teaching service and/or experience. Matron, £478 2s. 6d.×£19 2s. 6d.—£573 15s. Both scales are less prescribed charges for residential emoluments. Application form and further details (enclosing stamped addressed envelope) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/434), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

BEDFORD College (University of London), Regent's Park, N.W.1. The Council invites applications from Honours graduates for Assistant Lectureships in English, Psychology, Mathematics (two), Classics and Italian, vacant October 1, 1955, open to men and women. Salary scale £600×£50-£700 per annum. Applications by May 15, 1955. Further particulars from the Secretary.

LONDON County Council. Post of special responsibility. Deputy Headmistress, Putney Park Lane, S.W.15 (Headmaster: M. Holmes, M.A.)—A new secondary school for about 2,000 boys and girls to be opened in September, 1956. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as deputy headmistress to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Burnham (London) scale salary with special allowance of at least £350 a year. It is expected that two existing secondary schools, one for boys and one for girls, providing 5-year courses will be transferred to the new school. Courses will include some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels) and some in preparation for advanced courses in needlecraft, catering and commerce; there will also be general crafts and engineering courses. Applicants must have good qualifications, proved organising ability and a variety of teaching experience, and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms (EO/TS10 Putney Park Lane) to be obtained from and returned to EO/TS10 by May 13, 1955. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and have nothing to add may apply on form EO/TS10B. (584)

WELFARE Officer required for subsidiary factory on East London/Essex borders. Interesting opening for women between 23 and 30. Social Science Certificate and First Aid experience an additional qualification. Apply with full details of age, education and experience to Box 6596.

SALARIED Club Leader required for North-West Jewish Boys' Club. Experience desirable, enthusiasm essential. Full-time or part-time (4-5 nights per week). Apply in writing to M. Harris, N.W. Jewish Boys' Club, 60 Ashford Road, N.W.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council invites applications from women with suitable experience for appointment as Deputy Warden (resident) of Gisburne House Approved School, Watford. The school is being reorganised to provide for 40 girls of good intelligence, age 15-17 on admission, a full programme of physical and mental activities, including home-making. The Children's committee are seeking to appoint a woman capable of directing the home side of the school (a domestic management qualification would be an advantage, but it is not essential) who will join with the Warden in creating a sympathetic approach to the problems of adolescent girls and who understands the advantage of a psychiatric approach to juvenile delinquency. Salary scale: £691 to £866 less a charge at the rate of £108 a year for emoluments. Six weeks' annual leave. Only single accommodation is available. Further details and application form (s.a.e.) from the Children's Officer (CH/A2/408), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

FOREST Fields Grammar School, Nottingham. Required for September, 1955, in newly established Grammar School for Boys and Girls, men or women teachers for the following posts: Senior History; Senior Geography; Senior Latin (allowance £125 each); Domestic Science; Physical Education (woman) (allowance £60 each), together with teachers who can offer one or more of the following subjects: History, Geography, Modern Languages, English, Handicrafts, Music, Physics, Mathematics, Physical Education (man), Art. Applications to be returned by May 7 to F. Stephenson, Director of Education, Exchange Buildings, Nottingham, from whom further information may be obtained.

TUTORS wanted, between 25 & 40, to take English classes in Summer Course for Continental students, held on Suffolk coast, from July 20 until September 1. One vacancy from early June. Applicants should be men of the highest integrity with first-rate references and a genuine interest in teaching. Degree in English or Modern Languages, appropriate teaching experience and good discipline essential. Presence, personality and good organising ability distinct assets. Very pleasant summer post in ideal country surroundings. High standard of living and comfortable background. Salary according to exper. Write with full details and copies of testimonials to Box 6340.

CHILD Welfare Officers—London County Council requires qualified and experienced men and women for engagement as vacancies occur. Salary: £541 17s. 6d. rising to £701 5s. Duties include receiving into care; rehabilitation; boarding-out; adoption supervision; after-care and other field-work associated with deprived children. Full details and application forms (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope) from Children's Officer (CHA/A1), County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date May 31, 1955. (493.)

MARLBOROUGH Day Hospital, 38 Marlborough Place, N.W.8. Qualified Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. for work with Adult and Children Depts. Experience of social work and rehabilitation desirable. Salary £470 p.a.×£15 to £560 p.a. plus London Weighting. Applics., with full details and names of two refs., to Medical Director.

LONDON County Council. Psychiatric Social Worker (basic grade) required at Brixton Child Guidance Unit, Brixton, Water Lane, S.W.2. Salary scale £470 (at age 27) ×£15—£560 plus London weighting. Particulars and application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.I.), The County Hall, London, S.E.1. (467)

APPOINTMENT of Warden. The Committee of the Middlemore Homes, Crowley House, Weoley Park Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29 (a voluntary organisation) propose to start experimental work in family rehabilitation. This will take the form of short-term training for mothers, who will be resident with their young children. For the time being the number of mothers will be limited to four at any one time. Applications are invited for the position of Warden. Aptitude to create a happy atmosphere and ability to organise and co-ordinate the work of a small but skilled staff are most important. Salary £300 to £350 per annum according to qualifications, plus full residential emoluments. Forms of application can be obtained from the Secretary and should be returned to him not later than May 7, 1955.

WALTON Elm School, Marnhull, Sturminster Newton, Dorset. Experienced House Matron required as soon as possible for this school of some 25 maladjusted boys. (Ages 9 to 15.) Also, Supervisor-House Father for games and out-of-school activities. Knowledge of a craft or able to play the piano would be an advantage. These posts would suit a married couple for whom accommodation is available or they may be applied for singly. Salary by arrangement and according to experience. Apply with full particulars of experience and salary required to the Secretary, Walton Elm School.

WANTED May, Housemother and odd job man for small co-ed. boarding school with farm. Couple with school-age children considered. J. M. Aitkenhead, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland.

RELIABLE Cook-Housekeeper wanted for Diocesan Home for eight unmarried mothers. Pleas. house. Respons. position. Salary £160-£200 p.a. Miss C. Tregurtha, St. Paul's Lodge, Gt Yarmouth, Norfolk.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BRISTOL: Youth Leader (male) wanted for Southmead Youth Clubs. Boys, girls and mixed activities with Assistant Leader for girls. Maximum salary £630; entry point on scale according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation. Full particulars and application form from Secretary, Bristol Youth Committee, 27 Great George Street, Bristol, 1, to be returned as soon as possible.

CLUB Development Organiser for Sussex Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs wanted by September. Club experience essential—car desirable—salary according to experience. Applications to:—The Chairman, S.A.M.C. & G.C., 6 Marlborough Place, Brighton, 1.

PERSONNEL. Bentalls, Ltd. (of Kingston, Worthing and Ealing) are preparing to make an appointment in the staff management section of their Personnel Department, and invite applications from men or women aged 25 to 35 with experience in Personnel work. Professional qualifications will be regarded as an advantage but are not essential. Apply by letter to Personnel Controller, Bentalls, Ltd., Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.

VOLUNTARY Organisation Berkshire reqs. Welfare Officer (woman). Prev. exp. essent. Small salary & expenses. Box 6323.

LADY Teacher for English wanted. Apply: The Berlitz School of Languages, Hamburg, Spitalerstr., 1, Germany.

RED Hill School, East Sutton, Nr. Maidstone. French specialist teacher required. Grammar boarding school for maladjusted boys of very high intelligence. Burnham Scale. Details and application forms, s.a.e.

MEDICAL Secretary required at The Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2. Candidates must be competent shorthand-typists. Salary within range £225 to £335 per annum within age limits 18-25. Lunch available. Applications, together with copies of any available testimonials to be addressed to the Secretary, Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, London, E.2, within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement.

BOOKSELLERS require intelligent, ambitious young person to train for management. Very interesting work and unusual prospects with possibilities of advancement. Commencing salary £450 p.a. Apply Foyles, 121 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2.

VERY large London Dental Clinic has vacancies for administrative staff, whole- or part-time, training period of three months, £8 p.w. rising to £750 and upwards over 3 yrs. or pro rata for part-time. Apply Staff Supervisor (N), 33 Gresham Road, S.W.9.

GUIDE reqd. London night tour 8 p.m.–1 a.m. French-Ger. essen. HYD. 9345.

THE National Council of Labour Colleges requires (1) Editorial Assistant, (2) Senior Clerical Assistant, capable of supervising staff. Commencing salary £450/£550. 3 weeks' holidays. Superannuation Scheme. Apply Gen. Secy., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

PART-time worker (male) wanted for packing and office work (2-6 p.m.) in Bookshop. 41 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

BEDFORD College (University of London), Regent's Park, N.W.1. Required immediately: Secretarial Assistant to Department of Chemistry; secretarial training essential. Salary scale £335×£20—£415. Apply to Secretary (Welbeck 5743).

SECRETARY (about 30), British born, for Continental industrialist. Post based on Italy, but some travelling. Excellent sh.-typing and first-class education (incl. French) essential. Daily lessons in Italian. Salary £15. Interviews immediately at Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951.

GERM./Engl. Sh./Typist wanted for small Office nr. London Bridge. 9-5 no Sats. Holidays paid, congenial atmosphere. Please Phone HOP. 3647 or PRI. 1144 aft. 5.

ASSISTANT Secretary to Editor of large women's weekly magazine. Age about 21 with some office experience. Essential qualifications are accurate shorthand and typing and the ability to deal with people pleasantly—both personally and over the telephone. Apply Box 6489.

SHORTHAND-typist/secretary. Five-day week; pleasant conditions. National Federation of Women's Institutes, 39 Eccleston Street, London, S.W.1.

NATIONAL Union of Students require part-time shorthand-typist; interesting work. Apply in writing: General Secretary, 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

PUBLISHERS require intelligent young shorthand-typist for varied, interesting work. Please ring GER. 6486.

EXP. Sh./Typist reqd. for small Office nr. London Bridge. 5-day week. 9-5. Holidays paid. Box 6594.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

EXPD. shorthand-typist June/Sept., also copy typist same period. Gd. wages, short hrs., no Sats. Apply Dryden, TEM. 7237.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

JUNIOR girl reqd. for advertisement department of this journal. Typing essential. Apply Secretary, Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting: duplicating TRAfalgar 9090.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries wanted for temporary work on our emergency staff; 10-5, no Sats. £7. Dutton's Sec. Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Tel. MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPERIENCED male bi-lingual S/T., Spanish-French, perfect English, seeks responsible post. Box 6239.

JOURNALIST, wide experience all branches newspaper work, now with bright weekly series, ardently desires new job where cultural background is asset. Not necessarily journalism. Box 6223.

ANY worth-while suggestion for first-class German homework? Box 6281.

ENGLISHWOMAN 38, sgle., res. Fr. Riviera, widely trav., bi-lingual (Eng./Fr.) stenog., broad exec. sec. exp. Europe/U.S.A., translator, exc. organiser, interested work Riviera; writing, translating, bus. suggestions welcomed. Secretarial work definitely not sought. Box 5949.

TWO young ladies req. situation tog. or sep. hol. resort for season. Competent secs., but anything considered. Box 6351.

GERMAN/English Shorthand-Typist Secretary, fluent translator, seeks responsible post. Box 6049.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

REPORTER/Secretary, free occasionally. 'Phone ARChway 1765

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn., W.1. May. 6626.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

TYPING/Duplicating. Lit. MSS., testimonials, theses a speciality. Accurate, attractive presentation. Pers. supervision. Bereton 89 Sumatra Rd., N.W.6. SWI. 2817.

NOVELS, plays, theses, &c. typed quickly & accurately by expert. Mrs. Ekkel, 19 Ravenswood Av., Tolworth. ELM. 1924.

DUPLICATING; as clear and attractive as print; and of course we type anything expertly. Speedy, inexpensive. The Hampstead Secretarial Bureau, 2a Downshire Hill, N.W.3. HAM 8879.

FIRST-class Duplctg./Typing serv. Dictation, Theses, MSS, plays. Confidential. Miss Stone, 446 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 5984.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating, circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by Famous Authors. Novels, Plays, Poetry, etc. Editing by expd. writer. Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

MABEL Eyles Duplicating Serv. (est. 1935), 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765.

TYPING, Duplicating, etc. Moderate terms. Accurate work. Fearon Typewriting Services, 31 Queens House, Leicester Square, W.C.2. GER. 4669.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

NOVELS, theses, plays, etc., expertly typed. (Chelsea.) Peggy Sutton, FLA. 7967.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit. MSS., etc. Mod. fees. MAI. 2659.

SECRETARIAL Aunts; all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand-typists, etc. Literary/commercial typing, duplicating, etc. Dictating machine hire service. 4-day service for any length M.S. Special rates students and societies. Public/private meetings, conferences, etc., reported. Translating from/into all European languages. 32/34 Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

SCHOOLS

AVENUE Road, Regent's Park. School for children, 3-8 years. New term May 5. Tel. Secretary, PRI. 9063.

KING Alfred School (F 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

ODAM Hill Farm School, Romansleigh, South Molton, for boys & girls who want to become farmers. Entry 11-13 years. Mrs. Falkner, B.A.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—cont. from p. 630

SPAIN, Ronda Andalusia, Borough Bottega Art Hol. Cen. Tuitn. David Bomberg. Begnrs, or adv. Magnif. site above primitive caves with exped. by horse & mule. 7*gns.* wkly, inc. en pens, Ronda. Camp. on estate. Holt, 30 Steeles Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 9190, or Casa de la Virgen de la Cabeza Ronda.

VIENNA University Summer School July 11 to Sept. 30. German language courses for beginners and advanced. Enquire: Four Seasons Travel, 49 Dover Street, London, W.1. Tel. GRO. 7853.

PAINTING School, June 4-18. Landscape course under the personal supervision of John Nash, R.A., and Carel Weight, R.B.A. £7 p.w. Numbers limited to 24. Big Wood Holiday Camp, Radley, Abingdon, Berks.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

ST. Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio and workshop. Peter Lanyon—William Redgrave—Terry Frost. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials, Lectures. Accommodation arranged.

LANGUAGE and House Party Holidays for professional people. Write for our special leaflet with details of our arrangements in Britain, Italy, Austria and Spain. Special German languages courses at Salzburg. Departures July 3, 10 & 24. Erna Low, 47 (TS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PERSONAL

EDUCATED German girl (19) seeks employment with Engl. family, exper. with children and household. Free now. Box 6427.

SWEDEN. English girl reqd. Care 2 English-speaking schoolchildren, age 7 & 8. Entire household duties. Mod. house. Priv. rm. Radio. Reply Mrs. I. B. Olsson, Lövangersgatan 22, Stockholm-Vällingby.

YOUNG French grad. (f.) wishes spend August seaside au pair, giving French tuition to one or two children. Box 6226.

BACHELOR, 40, accountant, offers services evenings and weekends for comfortable living accomm., London. Box 6081.

DOCTOR'S wife in very busy practice house would like foreign girl wishing learn English to help with housework & children, part July, Aug. & Sept. & longer if desired. Patient & good tempered. S.E. Eng. nr. tea. Keep & pocket money. Box 6250.

VOLUNTARY secretarial help urgently reqd. Write Sec., Club International, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1.

WOMAN grad., varied interests (music, literature, sociology, drama, etc.) seeks part-time work home/away. Box 6478.

BOARD residence reqd. with Engl. family for young German lady student at present in London. Willing to take English young lady desiring to study in Hamburg as guest if reqd. Give full details: Box 6442.

WEEKEND pied-à-terre Sx. off'd. woman country-lover by similar. Box 5961.

COACHING required for Grammar School student. Chemistry & Zoology. G.C.E. Adv. level. Box 6480.

ANTIQUES business for sale. Westcliff-on-Sea. £450 everything. Large l.u. shop £100 excl. Scope for books and stamps. BM/HFFN, London, W.C.1.

SPAIN. "Popular" going Costa Brava early May requires passengers. Driver preferred. 1: £8, 2: £12. Dr. Cooper, Burgess Hill, Sussex. Tel. Burgess Hill 2300.

APPLICS. invited to form parties of 8 for fortnightly visits Spanish Med. coast, travelling Volkswagen Microbus. Box 5374.

VACANCIES (2) 13/17-year-olds boys' club trip Switzerland. Aug. Details: K. R. Matthews, 61 Percy Park, Tynemouth.

BACHELOR, 47, welcomes suggestions from another, similar age, for summer holiday, 50/50 basis. Box 6217.

AUSTRIA/Dolomites. One or two seats available in Convertible touring June 4-26. 'Phone PROspect 4622.

BACHELOR interested music, drama, religion, seeks male holiday companion (not over 35). Box 6290.

WTD. extra driver m. open tourer going S. France July, share exp. Box 6259.

FRENCH/Italian Riviera: couple have vacant seat in Consul 23.7-7.8.55. Share expenses. Box 6337.

COTTAGE in Italy, preferably Spain, sought up to one month during summer. Fashionable resorts eschewed. Box 6042.

COSTA Brava, Blanes, Spain. Villas and flats to let. Details: Dr. Cooper, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

BACHELOR (28) shs. holiday companion (m.), Spain/Italy, Aug./Sept. Box 6511.

SPAIN, Madrid & South. Small mixed party 3 weeks May-June. Anyone interested (pref. 25-38) please write Box 6105.

AUTHOR offers 1/2 seats modern car Austria via Alpine passes, different return route, no touring. July 29-Aug. 21. Share exp. Under 40's pref. Box 6300.

PERSONAL—continued

ARTISTS and Students are needed to train for Cartoon Film Animation. A studio contract is offered to those with promise. Low tuition fees for full professional course. Heatherley Film Unit, 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1. VIC. 6077.

YOU can see Ulanova's "Swan Lake" in your own home on 16mm! Or many other magnificent films of ballet and music, travel, science, love, comedy, sport and drama. Film shows are easy to arrange, inexpensive and no trouble to you. We supply projection service if desired, and a library of over 300 films. Send 1*s*, for catalogue to: Plato Films, Dept. D, 376 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

FORMER modern hotel now University Hall of Residence offers accommodation, breakfast and dinner; July 12-September 14. 110 rooms (91 with private bathrooms); central heating and constant hot water day and night; 2 spacious lounges, and conference hall (ballroom); large, attractive garden; first-class tennis court. Ideal for study groups, holiday parties, reunions, conferences. Enqs. to Matron, Halliday Hall, South Side, Clapham Common, S.W.4. TUL. 8432.

WEST End Club offers facilities for gatherings, meetings, discussion-groups, etc., to cultural, artistic or social organisations. Rooms available every afternoon and early evening to societies having regular meetings. No direct charge. Contact Sec.: Mandrake Club, 4 Meard St., Dean St., Soho, W.1.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

HOLIDAYS! Couple leaving for Costa Brava have two spare seats in Vauxhall Velox. Dep. May 22—3 weeks. Share expenses of journey only. PRI. 9113.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. Last 2 days, "The Midwife." Commencing May 4: "Arden of Faversham."

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place (nr. Islington Town Hall). Tavistock Rep. in "Marching Song," last 2 perfs. to-night Fri. & to-morrow Sat. 7.30. "Rocket to the Moon," by Clifford Odets opens Fri., May 6, 7.30 also Sat. 7, Sun. 8 (mems. only). Thurs. 12, Fri. 13, Sat. 14. Seats 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., bookable CAN. 5111, after 7.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). Last 2 days at 5 and 8. "South." Mems. 10s. yrly.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Nthly. ex. Mon. 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "This Is It." Mems. 10s. yr. includes guest ticket.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). "Shadow of the Swastika." Fris. & Sats., 7.45, Suns. 4 & 7.45. Mems.

MARIONETTE Theatre, Highgate. Perfs. every Sun. at 3 & 7. Seats: ARC. 6595.

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres., Yehudi Menuhin). Meeting on Music of Philippines originally fixed May 13 postponed to autumn. Instead we support Concert by Ali Akbar Khan, foremost Sarode (stringed instrument) player from India, org. by jt. Recep. Cttee. under Patronage of H.E. Mrs. Pandit, on Sat., May 14, 7.30 at Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W. Inf. on A.M.C., from 18 Fitzalan Road, N.3. (Fin. 2934.)

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Japanese Film Season: Until May 1: "The Gate of Hell" (A). From May 2: "Rashomon" (X).

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Rd., E.2. Programme of Art Films for Adults. Sundays at 2.30 p.m. and 4 p.m. Admission free. May 1 "Van Gogh," "Paul Cezanne" and "Gauguin." May 8, "Ad Dei Honorem" (a study of a 15th century altarpiece), "Douanier Rousseau" and "Images Gothiques" (French Medieval Sculpture). May 15, "Legend of the True Cross" (Piero della Francesca), "Fêtes Galantes" (Watteau), "Images Medievales" (Medieval illuminated MS.). May 22. "Georges Braque," "Maillol" and "Pieter Breughel the Elder" (528).

SCALA Theatre. Soviet Colour Film Premières. "Men of the Caspian Sea," exciting colour film of oil-drilling under the seabed. "Mongolian People's Republic," made jointly by Soviet and Mongolian technicians, with English commentary written and spoken by Ivor Montagu. Sun., May 15, 7 p.m. Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., from Educ. Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order, 10% discount on block bookings of 10 plus.

LEWISHAM Film Soc. HIT. 5422. Unitarian Hall, next Central Library. Sat., Apr. 30, 7.15. Jill Craigie's "The Blue Scar," with "Council of the Gods."

SAT., April 30. End to-day the Eve of May at this month's Fabian Dance. Carnival time is on the bill with hats, masks, streamers, as you will. 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. 7.30-11.30. Adm. 3s. 6d.

I.C.A. Dancing to the Dave Stevens Group. Sat., April 30, 8-11 p.m. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., guests 5s. Membership invited.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sat., April 30, at 2 p.m. Society for the Promotion of New Music's Experimental Rehearsal. Goldsbrough Orchestra, Morley College Choir. Conductors—P. Racine Fricker, Lawrence Leonard, Charles Mackerras. Frederick Grinke (violin). Chair.: John Amis. 1st spkr.: Everett Holm. Non-mems. 2s. at door.

BEETHOVEN Concerts. Royal Festival Hall, at 8 to-night, Sat., April 30, Overture Egmont, Piano Concerto No. 3—Soloist Moura Lympany. Tuesday, May 3, Overture Consecration of the House, Variations on a Theme of Handel for Cello and Orchestra, Symphony No. 9 Choral. Soloists, Willem de Mont, Joan Hammond, Norma Procter, William McAlpine, Owen Brannigan, Alexandra Choir. London Symphony Orchestra, cond. Anthony Collins 3s. 6d. to 15s. WAT. 3191 and Agents.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Thurs., May 5, at 8 p.m. Schubert—Mass in G; Finzi—Dies Natalis; Fauré—Requiem. Eric Greene, Pauline Brockless, John Cameron. London Choral Society. Kalmar Chamber Orchestra. Cond.—John Tobin. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

ROYAL Festival Hall. "The Genius of Bach." Weekly Bach concerts and organ recitals. Wednesdays at 5.45 until May 25. May 4: Geraint Jones Orchestra (Conductor: Geraint Jones). Leaflets giving full programmes and tickets from Hall (WAT. 3191) and Agents.

JACK Rothstein. Violin Recital with Raymond Leppard (Piano). Sonatas by Corelli, Beethoven, Lennox Berkeley, etc. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. Sat., May 7, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

PIANO Recital by the distinguished French pianist Dyna August, Wigmore Hall, May 7, 3 p.m. Bach, Beethoven, Ravel.

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music. Telemann, Bach, Quantz, Haydn. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. This Saturday, April 30, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

CONCERTS—continued

82nd Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Sat., May 7, at 7.30. Christian Ferras (violin), Pierre Barbizet (piano); Sonatas by Fauré (Opus. 13) and Franck. Michel Sénéchal (tenor), Jacqueline Bonneau (piano): Songs by Fauré and Duparc. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. from Hall. WEL. 2141, and usual agents.

ADELPHI Theatre (by kind permission of Mr. Jack Hylton). Sunday, May 1, 7.30 p.m. The B.W.S.A. and "Reynolds News" present a Salute to May Day Concert with Songs of the People: Ipswich Co-op. Girls' Choir, The W.M.A. Singers, Cy Grant and other well-known artists, and Ballads and Blues: Ken Colyer's Jazz Band and Skiffle Group with Ewan MacColl, Fitzroy Coleman, George Harvey-Webb and A. L. Lloyd, Margaret Barry, Isla Cameron, Alf Edwards, Brian Daly, Bruce Turner and Michael Gorman. Prog. introduced by Tom Driberg, M.P. 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. (Party Reductions). B.W.S.A., 2 Soho Sq., W.1. GERard 2680.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by Claude Venard. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

AGNEW: Loan Exhibition in aid of N.A.C.F. Walker Gallery Liverpool Acquisitions 1945-55. 9.30-5.30. Sats. 9.30-1. 43 Old Bond Street, W.1.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Recent paintings James Wood. April 21 to May 14. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. incl. Sats.

ABSTRACT Painting from Paris. de Stael, Soulages, Hartung, Manessier, Symon Quinn Gallery, 34 Victoria Lane, Huddersfield, to May 31.

AN Exhibition of paintings by Helen Trevelyan will be held in "Modern Interiors" on the third floor at Woollands of Knightsbridge, S.W.1, from Monday, May 2 until Saturday, May 14.

CARI, Fredrik Hill. An Exhibition of paintings & drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till May 24. Mons. Weds. Fris. Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. French Paintings & Drawings of the 19th & 20th Century.

NEW Lithographs by Margret Kroch-Frishman. The Everyman Foyer, Hampstead. May 2-May 30.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Paintings, Drawings, Sculptures by Jean Dubuffet until April 30. Opening May 4: Paintings by Mark Tobey. Mon.-Fri. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Saturdays until 1 p.m. Mems. free. Adm. 1s.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leics. Sq. André Masson Exhibition and Watercolours by Moroni. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LEIGHTON House, 12 Holland Park Road, W.14. Exhibition illustrating "English Country Houses open to the public." April 26 to May 14. Admission free. Open weekdays 11-7. (Sats. to 5 p.m.)

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Pierre Soulages.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Paintings by Elliott Seabrooke (1886-1950), daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, at 142 New Bond Street, London, W.1. Until May 14.

RORSTRAND Exhibition. Modern Swedish Pottery in Table Settings at the Tea Centre, 22 Lower Regent St., S.W.1. Until May 21. Film show 1.15, 1.45, 4.45 & 5.15 Mon.-Fri. 11.30 a.m. Sat.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Christoforou: new paintings. 11-5.30.

ST. George's Gallery, 7 Cork Street, London, W.1. The Japanese Eye in the Western World. Sugai Foujita. 18th-19th Century Japanese prints.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Collection of French Paintings. Until May 28

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

JENIFER Wayne on "Scriptwriting for Broadcasting." Open Meeting of the Fawcett Society on Fri., May 6, at the Alliance Hall, Palmer St., Westminster, at 7 p.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. "Influences on American Foreign Policy since 1918." Study Group report. Wednesday, May 4, 7.30 p.m. at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. Visitors welcome. 2s. No further meetings until June 1.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Friday, May 6, 8.15. Discussion: "Masson" with ref. to the retrospective exhib. at Leicester Galleries. Speakers: Jean Brun, Andrew Forge, Carl Hogben, Michael Kitson. Chairman: William Coldstream. Members 2s., guests 3s.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday 11 a.m. May 1. Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., "Darwin Revalued" by Sir Arthur Keith." Free. Free copy Monthly Record avail.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. May 7 at 6 p.m. M. André Léger (Alliance Française) "Un Parisien de Montmartre."

ALL Nations Social Club. "Asian Problems," by Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Wed., May 4, at 8 p.m., at 83 Chiltern St. (nr. Baker St. Stn.). Questions and discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d at door.

BERTHAM Macaulay: "Ethical Problems in Colonial Politics," New Generation Group, Burgh House, Flask Walk, Nr. Hampstead Tube, Mon., May 2, at 8.

ERIC Newton on "Journey from a Picture," Finsbury Public Library, Skinner St., E.C.1 (nr. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Av.). Mon., May 2, 8.15. (Arranged by Finsbury Art Group). Non-mems. 1s.

SIGERIST Society. "Health Centres & General Practice." A debate between Dr. Stephen Taylor & Dr. H. Faulkner. 3 p.m., Sun., May 8, at 45 Russell Sq., W.C.1.

CARUSO! Records & story of the famous tenor presented by eminent critic John Freestone. At Central Jewish Lit. Group, Folman's, Noel St. (Off Berwick St.), W.1. Wed., May 4, 8 prompt. Visitors, Refr's.

J. HENRY Lloyd: "Party Loyalty and Individual Conscience." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W 8. Sun., May 1, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays 8 p.m. May 1: "The Theosophical Movement."

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15 p.m., Fri., May 6. Mr. O. L. Murray: "Where We Stand To-day." Chairman: Mr. Herbert Howarth. 62 Queen's Gdns., Bayswater.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., April 29, 8 p.m. A Weschsler, "Andrey Byely" (in Russian). May 6: Professor Kisch, "Alexander Block." Translation and comments.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 p.m. Sunday, May 1. King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1. Nr. Bond Street Station. Discourse: J. Allen Skinner, Editor of "Peace News."

BUDDHIST Society. Thursday, May 5, 7.30 p.m. Public Celebration of Wesak (The Buddha's Enlightenment). Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

YOGA & the Human Mind. Lectures ev. Tues., 6.30. Seymour Hall, Seymour Pl., W.1. May 3: Mental Balance. Arr. by Shanti Sadan, 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

BUDDHIST Vihara Society in England celebrates Vesakha with London Buddhist Vihara Society at London Vihara, 10 Ovington Gdns., S.W.3. Fri., May 6, 7.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

NATIONAL Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Wed., May 4, "Bird Books," talk by James Fisher. Chairman: P. E. Brown. At 7.30 p.m. Members 1s., non-members 2s.

PERSONALIST Group. Alec Craig on "The Reform of the Obscenity Laws." Monday, May 2, Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies, in association with The National Trust. "Great Houses and Gardens open to the Public" at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, S.W.7, on Wednesday, at 5.30 p.m., beginning May 4, 1955. Lectures: "Althrop"—Earl Spencer; "Petworth"—Professor A. F. Blunt; "Osterley"—J. E. Lowe; "Uppark"—Francis Watson; "Apsley House"—C. Gibbs-Smith; Capability Brown and his Influence—Miss D. Stroud. Fee for six lectures 10s.; single lectures 2s. Applications for tickets should be addressed to the Cashier, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1, and marked "Extension Courses" on the cover. Tickets may also be obtained at lect. room.

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